
[1]

ITT: Creepy experiences when you were children, or scary experiences with children?

I'll start: I work as a special education teacher with young children at a daycare. When the younger kids act up, they are sent to me and I calm them down. There one one little girl who normally responded very well to art, so I gave her a box of chalks and invited her to draw her feelings on the chalkboard.

I turned my back to punch holes in some paper and looked around to see her standing close to me, fisting my shirt in her hand. I asked if she was done with the chalk and she said yes. I took the box from her and turned to see she had drawn something very small roughly shaped like a man's face in the corner of the board. He had sharp teeth and was drawn from the neck down, bumps protruding from him and something like a snake coming from his ear.

Concerned, I asked her what she had drawn and to tell me about the picture.

She looked over to the corner of the room and stared there for a about five minutes (I was unable to get her attention) until she quietly said, "I don't know." and then sat down.

Nothing in my life has given me more chills than that.

[2]

It's normal for kids to see things like that. Sadly that sight loses overtime when they grow up. Although some people do still have their sight intact. I have 2 friends in high school that can still see things. There are things that I experience with them which make me believe in metaphysical beings.

Oh yeah, my grandmother has a "being" that always follow her around. She still do ancient rituals and stuff I don't know about. She has a business going eventhough she's blind.

I'm from outside of US.

[3]

Me and my mother were away on a trip and my father said there was a child in the basement while he was working on my room down there, he saw him run up the stairs. He went to look for him but nothing. He called my neighbor friend but he didnt come over. He swears to this day it was something. And when my room was finished and I started living down there I got a webcam shot of a really obvious face behind me one night. Creepy, and I'll never forget it.

[4]

when I was like five or six my parents and I used to go to a lake a lot during the summers I'd spend at my grandmother's.

I had a bad dream about a dark haired woman dying there and being lost in the water and was crying as we drove there, not wanting to go because I was so scared.

when we got to the waterfront I got over it little by little until I was actually swimming around in the shallow part of the lake where plants grew at the bottom.

I remember the feeling of two hands being placed around the back of my neck and pulling me down hard. luckily my dad saw me thrashing and pulled me out by my shoulders but I had swallowed water in the process

he carried me back up and I immediately vomited water and clumps of long black hair

after that we left immediately and we never came back. I've never been to the lake since and my mother pretends not to know what I'm talking about when I bring it up.

[5]

Reminded me of a strange childhood memory. Being in font office of elementary school because got in trouble. Remember this woman talking on the PA system (whatever PA stands for) and I remember her screaming and vanishing before my eyes.

Also remember doing eyesight photos in elementary where the camera flash in dark room was so bright you could see our skulls when they snapped a photo.

I have bizarre elementary memories that don't make sense.

[6]

I remember seeing hands making quick signs in corners and places you'd think somebody is hiding, but each time I thought my brother or sister were playing a joke on me only to realize I'm totally alone

[7]

I used to have a lot of reoccurring, vivid nightmares involving things that I have no idea where I would have picked it up. Themes and settings that a 4 or 5 year old definitely shouldn't be seeing at naptime. It messed with me. My dad watched horror movies sometimes though, so maybe I caught a peek and forgot about it. Who knows.

[8]

a friend of mine had a three year old brother whose grandma had died before he was born. one day he points to a picture of her and says "that's grandma mae!" so his mom is like "that's right! how did you know?"

"she visits me every night!"

same kid. a very old family friend of theirs is in the hospital. kid says "where are we going?"

"we are going to visit miss edna in the hospital, dylan"

"she's not there"

"what do you mean?"

"she's in heaven, grandma told me so last night"

they get to the hospital, miss edna had died the night before.

noooope

[9]

I have a weird memory about elementary school. it's not paranormal, but I remember one time the teacher left the room, which is exciting to a bunch of 2nd graders, and a few kids and I started screaming at the top of our lungs. real shrill, horrible kid

screaming. and then we froze in place and stopped.

I don't know why we would've done that or how nobody heard us, and it always bothers me that we freeze in place. I don't think this really happened, but I sure remember it.

[10]

I had a lot of dreams as a kid where I would go down the stairs - sometimes by floating - and just watch my mom. one time I floated downstairs and just saw her on the computer. another time I went downstairs on christmas eve and watched her fill our stockings. when I asked her about this, she gave me the usual spiel about Santa, but I had been standing right beside her watching her do it. another time I went to go downstairs because my mom and her drunk alcoholic husband were fighting, but a man-sized black statue of Anubis was guarding the stairs, so I went back to bed.

I dunno, just weird.

[11]

My cousin was adopted. He came into our family first as a foster child, until eventually the mother (who was a drug addict) allowed my Aunt to adopt the boy. He had a few physical ailments with his liver, but was otherwise fine.

His adopted mother and father (my aunt and uncle) are religious zealots. They live and breathe the Pentecostal faith of Christianity. They've drilled Jesus as the answer into this kids head since day one. He lives and breathes it now too.

At six, he randomly started drawing the devil. He did this a lot, and would explain what each drawing was: "the devil is killing this little girl" or "the devil is tempting this boy to kill his sister." It was always twisted stuff.

He did this solid for about six months, then just stopped. It spooked me.

[12]

I believe my earliest memory was when I was maybe 3 or 4. But I just remember it being in the middle of the night and I was sitting in my living with my parents, I guess because I couldn't sleep or something. But through the sliding glass door that led to the backyard I could see this Fisher Price playhouse thing we had. And I vividly remember seeing kids playing on it, but the kids were transparent, and I remember my parents just sitting there not acknowledging them. I do believe that children can see things that they tune out as they get older, so who knows. But every time I think about it it creeps me out.

[13]

When I was 4 or 5, I regularly saw shadow people in our apartment. The apartment, I later found out, was built on ditch where they tossed dead bodies into during the war. They weren't menacing, I'd usually catch glimpse of them during the night. Never seen anything since.

[14]

My first creepy memory was when I was about 4. my hair was long, passed my bum. I always put it over the pillow so it would hang between the bed and the wall. (knots suck) My sister kept the animals in her room and I had my door shut, I was alone. Something kept tugging on my hair. I didnt move. I pretended to be asleep because I was about to crap myself. My hair kept getting tugged until I ran to my sister's room and she said I was a liar. I cut all my hair off the next day and wouldnt sleep in my bed until the mattress was on the floor.

[15]

When I was little I lived in an apartment complex, my mom and dad were the superintendents and we lived in a very small/safe town so I was basically allowed to just roam around the whole complex unattended from a very young age. I have a lot of strange memories from this... first, I was probably around four or five, and I remember very vividly that I would stand at the bottom of a flight of stairs and just wish I was at the top so I wouldn't have to struggle to climb them. I'd close my eyes, open them and be at the top of the stairs. I honestly can't explain this but I remember it so vividly as happening that way and happening several times, even though it's impossible.

Also, when a tenant moved out my dad would fix up the vacant apartment before renting it out again. I loved to watch him paint the walls or replace the tiling or whatever he would do, and then after he was done curiosity always got the better of me. I would often return to the apartment he had been working in. I believed that someone moved in immediately after my dad finished working in it, and that belief was supported by the fact that when I walked into the apartments they always appeared inhabited. this might be explained by me being clueless and actually walking into the wrong apartment, not the vacant one my father had just left, but... I do know that I was always cognizant of the door numbers

and would choose the door with the same number, and I can remember flashes of what I would find inside the apartments... and they didn't always look like they were furnished in the style that was common at the time. they were strange. I have this visual memory of walking into an apartment with yellow floral wallpaper, a wood-paneled television playing in black and white, a white table with yellow chairs... it looked like it was from the 50's, basically, rather than the late 80's when I was growing up. others were stranger still. I remember going into an apartment and just finding a long hallway full of doors. I went through one door and found a bunch of my toys inside, but it wasn't my bedroom...

all of these memories are bizarre but so vivid. I know they must be twisted by the years and the misconceptions of my childhood mind, but it's still so strange to me because I absolutely remember all of it happening. there are so many more odd memories from the apartment, and whenever I start talking about it I just start to recall them all.

[16]

Apparently my parents were called in for a meeting with my teachers in 2nd grade because I would talk about floating down stairs and walking on the ceiling at night time and they thought it was abnormal. I also wrote upside and backwards and told the kids I had eaten a fairy as an infant and had gained its powers like a little jerk, but of course I believed this stuff wholeheartedly as a six-year-old. Our house at the time was really haunted, though. We found out later that it had been built not only at the convergence of two rivers, but once a foster home where retarded kids were regularly abused and neglected. I vote ghosts. That place was screwed.

[17]

When I was about two, my brother was born. Not long after, my mom was in our living room nursing him. Our house was configured so that the couch faced the archway into the living room, and on either side of the arch there was just half walls. Over the wall, you could see up the stairs if the door was open. So I was being a stupid two-year-old and I decided it would be a good idea to try to do a somersault down the 15 stairs. I was an idiot. So I do this somersault, all the way down the stairs, and my mom is just watching in horror. She's too far away to be able to do anything about it, and is holding my newborn brother. The thing is, I just got up and walked away. I wasn't hurt at all, even though that fall could've easily killed me. I didn't touch the stairs once, my mom said. Also throughout my childhood in that house, my parents would talk about someone who used to live there named Mr. Williams. The records of the house actually confirmed that someone by that name bought the house 60 years before. The strange part is that when I was around six, a family rang our bell and the dad said his grandpa used to live there. He told us some story about how when he was young he almost fell down the front steps and cracked his head on the concrete, but his grandpa saved him. His grandpa was Mr. Williams.

I'm aware that this sounds like utter BS.

[18]

My best childhood friend was one of three girls. Our moms met in lamaze class when they were pregnant with our older sisters, and they were born just a week apart. We still talk to them. So anyway, they'd always be at our house. Everyone in our family was best friends with someone in their family. It was actually kind of awesome. Except their dad was a raging alcoholic and I'm pretty sure he was abusive to them. Every time he would come to our house, at least one light bulb would blow out. And not the "it-

suddenly-just-stopped-working" kind. They'd like pop and spark. And it was only with him. Eventually he'd start taking boxes of bulbs over every time he visited. It was a running joke in our families that Mr. Williams just didn't like him.

[19]

That was about 6 years ago, aka 3 computers ago. Sorry : (basically though, it was me on my computer, typical facebook pic, but on the upper left side of my face there was like shades that resembled a face where the bathroom was suppose to be. I didnt notice it until a few weeks later and my friend showed me after school one day. One of those once you see it types of pics.

[20]

Friend of mine's daughter has an imaginary friend, a little girl named Tessa. Tessa "lives in the walls."

Nope.

[21]

When I was 7 years old my father was talking to one of his friends about the house we used to live in. He said it was the house I was brought home from the hospital to and I interrupted him saying that it wasn't. I told him I was brought home to our brick house with the big porch. My dad was dumbfounded because I was right, I was brought home to a two story brick house with a large porch. However, we only lived in it for a week

and moved into a trailer. I have no idea how I remembered... doesn't seem natural.

[22]

Don't know if this counts, but I'll give it a go.

Middle school, about 12 years old. I had a friend who said she could 'read auras', so I had her do it for me. She looks at me and then says, "It looks like something else is suppressing your aura. Be very careful, anon. Be very careful." I noped my way out of class, because I didn't believe it. The next day, it was raining heavily, lightning and thunder crashing. Roads were slick as hell. I was biking home from school, and I felt like someone laid a hand on my shoulder, and whispered in my ear to watch out. 20 seconds later, I got hit by a car. Granted, if I had been going any faster I would have just missed the car, but I had slowed down because of the voice.

I still hear voices before something bad happens, like I heard a voice telling me that I should tell my parents I loved them the night before my father had a heart attack.

[23]

When I was about 5, and living in an old house not far from where I'm living now, I woke up in the middle of the night - I'm not sure why, but at the foot of my bed was my window (very small room) and standing there was a clown, about 6ft - he had menacing grin on his face, blood shot eyes and ragged clothes. He was holding a very large axe, and my window was open.

I closed my eyes and hid and my blanket for a few moments,

hoping I was dreaming, but when I opened my eyes and looked again it was still there, just staring at me.

I ran out of my room and into my parents, and decided I was sleeping in their bed with them that night. I woke up the next morning in their bed.

I remember it all so vividly, and will never forget it.

[24]

I recently found out that one among many reasons that my childhood was so strange is that my parents had been preparing my since the womb to be an alien abductee.

[25]

I must have been very young, no more than 5 years old. I woke up in my room, it's black dark, middle of the night. I adjust to the darkness for a moment and the foot of my bed, outlined perfectly in the darkness, is this huge THING. I remember it perfectly, too. Squat, but large, small head with vaguely cartoony upward curving thin devil horns, huge muscled arms and really small legs.

I look at this thing, freak out, hide under my covers, peek out at this thing every so often (which didn't move once), rinse and repeat until I decided 'Screw this', leap out my bed into my parent's room and get them to come in and turn on the light.

There's nothing there.

Never saw it again, never had another paranormal experience at all since.

[26]

hmmm. Lets see.

When I was about...5, I woke up randomly in the middle night (3-4 am ish) and looked at the window (use to have a thin blanket over it cause I tore my blinds up and I was always paranoid someone was watching me through my window at night, terrified actually) and there was a giant orb of light that moved past the outside of my window, almost like someone shone a spotlight at my window, which they would have had to been in my woods because was have a fenced in yard and three dogs (at the time). and I dont think a spotlight would have been that tight of a beam from that distance.

About a year later my younger brother (2 years younger then me) swore he saw my blanket levitating off my bed while I was sleeping.

[27]

When I was 10, for an entire month, I saw 7-8 foot tall creatures in the darkest places. What I mean by that, is I'd only ever seem where it was absolutely BLACKENED by the night, and I can see their outline.

They had long spindly limbs, dark, brooding red eyes, and they never moved. That entire month I couldn't dream..never. Eventually I erected a psychic barrier in my mind [or so I think] and it stopped, but I still remember their eyes.

[28]

I like to think video game makers get some of their monster ideas from scary childhood visions.

[29]

I had a semi-large house when I was a kid. At the age of around 4 or 5 I my attic just watching tv, because it was furnished and my bedroom was up there, and I looked out of the corner of my eye towards the stairs and I saw my brother just standing there, but he didn't look right. Then he had this demonic smile and then teams of my brother started barreling up the stairs and I started to scream at the top of my lungs, but no sound was coming out. I then woke up on my leather sectional with my mother and brother sitting next to me still screaming, but still no sound coming out of my mouth.

It was very strange, and I've had that feeling multiple times afterwards where I tried to yell and nothing came out, but back to the story. I don't know how I ended up down there because I do remember falling asleep in my attic, but later that night I was back in the attic watching tv again, and out of the corner of my eye I saw some weird red eyes sitting in my closet, but I couldn't make anything else out because it was a big area and I had a very small tv as the only source of light. But I didn't really acknowledge that it was even there and just continued watching tv. Then about an hour later I just ran downstairs as fast as I could and cried myself to sleep in my parents room. Will tell more if people are interested, lots of crazy stuff happened in that house until my mom moved, divorced my father, and took me with her when I was 9.

[30]

When I was around 5 I spent the night at my friends house sleeping on the top of the bunk bed. I woke up randomly, like seriously for no reason. I have terrible vision, even then I needed correctional glasses. I remember looking up at the ceiling fan and noticing a black/grey humanoid figure. It would circle the ceiling slowly, sooo slowly, for a little while and then it would speed up rapidly. When it did this I got an anxious/tight feeling in my chest. I don't remember exactly how long I stared at it, but it felt hypnotizing in a creepy yet awing way. It was pretty weird. I can still see it in my memory perfectly.

[31]

When I was quite young, probably between the ages of 4 and 7, I had horrible dreams. Disgusting, violent bizarre dreams that kept me awake for days on end.

I dreamt about a trailer. A small wooden trailer with a number plate. The plate was A390 OYH and it would be the start and end of my dream, the plate in some headlights. I would approach it from a bumper view of a car and it would chase me, without a vehicle towing it, up the back street. When it caught me, which it always did, it would rip me to pieces. It would bounce around sporadically and I would see it from an aerial view. It sank into the ground.

I never woke up through this and it usually ended with me running to my grandparents house and discovering that they had turned into blueburry muffins that were suspended from the ceiling on long pieces of string. All the furniture had gone and the walls were painted white. Eventually, I would see men running down the path with masks and guns.

I always woke up at that point. Never figured out what they were and when I briefly spoke to a medical professional about it as an adult they just looked terrified. Said they'd heard nothing like it, especially from a young child with a relatively normal upbringing.

[32]

Alright, so ever since I was a child I would have dreams of things from a first person point of view that would happen in everyday life since I was a child. Except something specific would happen like a still picture that was impossible to recreate. I would forget about them then usually in the next week, that EXACT scene would happen. Eventually, I would even determine it in my head right before it would happen. Sometimes it would be a situation with words and I would say it in my head first. I never thought anything of it. Give examples if anyone's interested.

[33]

my first memory, its kind of burned into my mind and ill never forget the terror I felt. I was laying in my crib. staring up at my folks as they put me to bed, then they turned out the lights and walked out of the room

I was awake for a while, when the door crept open, and someone walked in, and leaned over my crib and stared at me for a good five or ten minutes. the next week we moved out because of neighborhood break ins occurring.

[34]

When I was 8 or so I had the same problem when I moved into my current house. I think my dad was bringing in demonic entities. My father was a drug head and is now an alcoholic. He would always claim to see things, and described the exact things I saw. They would just stand there and watch me. The house was really messed up. My parents found a lot of porn and a really screwed up journal from the previous owner's father wedged between a crack in the ceiling close to the door. It's right beside my room. After a year of this I finally told my mom and she got my dad to stop with the drugs (She threatened to divorce him) We also got the house blessed by a priest and I stopped seeing them. But I always feel like I'm being watched from my laundry room and bathroom. I'll post pictures of my house and a video tour if you're interested. I've only had a few other paranormal experiences in my life and I'd be willing to share if anyone would like to hear.

I never really believed in ghost until some later experiences, but I do believe in demons and the tools they use to get to people.

Call me crazy, but because of my childhood, I believe demonic spirits are with those who do any kind of drugs.

[35]

Ah, man, that reminds me of my first memory. My first memory is when I was about 3, waking up from a dream. That dream was of me being a baby and everything that happened while I was a baby. That dream had me going to my great grandmother's house and her funeral (we never went to the house after I was about 10 months old and I can vividly recall it to my mother now because of this dream), of my grandfather feeding me beer and lambchops

because hes silly, of just a bunch of stuff that happened before I turned about 18months old. And then I woke up when I was about 3 years old and my memory is of this dream. Which is weird. I literally remember waking up and starting my day and the dream before but I can't remember anything from before that day except what was in the dream. Thats convoluted.

[36]

When I lucid dream, its usually because I'm having a nightmare and am wishing so hard for it not to be real. But in lucid dreams induced this way, the only harm I can bring to the monsters, killers, etc, is to make them burst into blueberry muffins. I am serious, swear to god. Can't make em explode, em can't stab em or choke em or drown or ANYTHING.

[37]

Dead friend followed me around for two weeks. He played pranks on my girlfriend but never me.

[38]

Anyways I have always felt (even tonight I probably will) something mean in my room. When I was a kid it was so bad that I would just cover up and huddle under the blanket with only my nose sticking out, lying there, being completely terrified.

8th grade year I moved to my Dad's house for a year to try it (He's really christian and a really really good guy) and I was in my

room's small like sit down closet (it had another big walk in one too) and I felt a mean prescence in my room, closed the door, did some prayers, Hear a scratch on the door to the mini closet. Nope. It suddenly all just stopped. (we had NO animals in the house at the time so there was NO WAY it could've been a pet)

[39]

Not the prior anon, but it's 616, and it is and example of gematria. The numerical values of 616 represent Emperor Caligula, not an imaginary creature.

Not being a jerk (at least, not trying to be). I just think it is interesting, and wanted to share.

[40]

ever since I was a kid, I'd had dreams of first person views but never understood what was going on in them. like I'd be doing this or that and would notice something particular that was happening, I'd see someone in the distance or a picture on a wall or I guess just random stuff. I've always referred to it as deja vu not exactly knowing what it is but, its like I'd always known what was going to happen when these instances happened because of the dreams.. its like I'd just all of a sudden remember what happened before it would happen. twas weird but I've just always used it as a reference like I'm going doing the right thing in my life.. or its o track so to speak.

[41]

OP here, reading this tread and shivering. Amazing stories, guys.

Another that I've posted on /x/ before was from when I was around nine or ten living in Alaska with my parents. We were living in a duplex basically in a field of trees and behind the house there was a small beaten down path that connects the houses together.

My very young sister and I were wandering down it picking flowers as we went and we came across a funny smelling bag in the middle of nowhere. My sister (who was five-ish) thought nothing of the smell and pulled the drawstring open; inside were about seven rabbits and with the tops of their skulls cut off exposing half their brains. Noped out of there and covered my sister's eyes before she saw anything but fur.

I lead my dad back to the spot later, crying and freaking out because I was so scared, and the bag was of course gone.

[42]

the strangest one is this dream when I was a kid,
I dreamt I was in some school talking to a guy

7 years later it happens. in high school talking to a classmate
same exact scenario, clothes, everything

[43]

used to hear voices before bed when I was young. they were really fast-talking and would vary in loudness and clarity.

never knew what they were saying though. kinda freaked me out.

[44]

From the time I was a baby to the time I was about 4 I lived in a town that had a nice little public park with a playground. My mom has told me this story a few times in the past, but as I don't actually remember it I just have to take her word for it. Anyway, one afternoon when I was about 2 or, my mom took me and my 7 year older brother to this playground, and there was nobody else around as it was kind of late in the day. We were the only ones there the whole time, and after a little while this black pickup pulls into the other side of the parking lot and just sits there running, nobody got out, nothing. My mom swears up and down to this day she heard a voice as clear as if it was right next to her say "leave now." So she scooped me and brother up and we got the hell outta there.

That night on the news there was a report of a missing child said to have been abducted in a truck that matched the description of the one that pulled up to the playground. I still think about it from time to time.

[45]

OK, up front I'd like to say that crazy or not, my parents were and are great folks and I wouldn't trade em for anything; however, they were more than a little on the trippy hippie end of the spectrum. They got into their heads that only by not imposing "society's limits" on a child could it reach its true potential. They surrounded me with music, instruments, took it upon themselves to teach me how to read, do mathematics, etc. long before I'd

even entered kindergarten.

They were big on the whole positive reinforcement thing; they never made me feel as if I wasn't meeting their expectations, but some of those expectations . . . well . . .

- 1) Eidetic memory
- 2) Auras
- 3) Empathic "linking"
- 4) Remote viewing (clairvoyance)
- 5) Telepathy
- 6) Telekinesis/Levitation

By the time I was three, I was as familiar with Zener cards as I was with flash cards. Once a week or so, my dad would put me up on the roof of the house and have me jump down to him ("or fly down if you want to"). I was encouraged to try to influence things with purely my mind. They'd never call me home for dinner. They'd "think" me home. The craziest part is that it worked. I could be in my room or up the street playing with other kids, and no matter what time it happened to be, I'd just know it was time to be home.

When I was a young adult, 18 or 19, I think, they came clean with it all having been some "development program" they'd entered into jointly with some other area parents to produce a "super psychic" to serve as an . . . I don't know . . . an ambassador of sorts for ET/human relations, I suppose.

The screwed up part is that I think it sort of worked.

[46]

I'm pretty good, but it absolutely has to be face-to-face. I'm bad at a distance without getting seriously into full-on Cayce mode. Empathically, I'm somewhat cursed. I find it profoundly uncomfortable to be in crowds. I have to basically turn myself

completely off to not experience the emotional states of everyone around me. It's either that or start actively sending, which to me is a violation of other peoples' "space."

I'm a decent precog for whatever reason, prophetic dreams and all that.

[47]

When I was like 5 my parents and I went sledding in our backyard. Both of my parents were at the top of the hill because the snow fort we built earlier stopped the sled before we reached the driveway.

So they send me down the hill and I get up some decent speed (it was a steep hill) and I manage to zip right through the 4 foot space between the two walls of the fort and head straight for the driveway.

This was '95 and the SUV my mom owned had metal running boards below the doors. Right before I hit the running board strong hands grasped my shoulders from behind and pulled me flat onto the sled. A soft voice said, "it's not time yet.".

[48]

There is weird stuff that happens in my room.

Yesterday, I had put a shirt back on a hanger and put it back into the closet, and had gone to the living room to watch television. I realized that I left my bag in the room --I was leaving the house-- and when I came back the shirt that I had put on the hanger had been thrown across my room. I got chills, put it back, grabbed my bag and left..

My mom says she has felt a sort of presence in my room when she's in there. She's even told me that she's been touched by something or someone.

She also told me about this one time when she was in my room and she looked out into the hallway and saw a man standing there, watching her sleep.

My door has also shook a few times. It shakes like there is an earthquake, but there is no earthquake when it's happening.

[49]

I remember me and my older brother stayed the night over my dad's friend's house for the weekend a long time ago. His friend was a pretty rich guy, and him and my dad were childhood friends.

Well anyway, I remember waking up one night to use the bathroom. As I was walking past the front door, I noticed someone picking at the lock and handle. I stood there not knowing what to do, so me being a stupid kid, tried to unlock the door to see who it was. I was having the hardest time trying to turn that lock, I was a weak little kid. I gave up and went to the bathroom then went back to bed.

I realized someone was trying to break into the house that night, and had I been strong enough to unlock that door, there's no telling what the hell could have happened. It wasn't really a scary experience, but the thought of what could have happened is kinda horrific. To this day I never told anyone about that.

[50]

I too require physical proximity but not necessarily within sight. I could do it with say, a person one room over from mine.

I am a pretty strong sender. I can receive but sending is really my forte. It's hard to describe but I'm sure you get it: I'm good at creating patterns/designs/objects in my minds eye and transmitting them. Or I'll render an "environment" and "take" myself and others there. I tend to be really good at getting people to "notice" and pick up on what I send.

I tend to use this in small groups when hanging with people cause it comfortably gets them receptive to this other level of communication. After a while I'll raise some questions like "isn't this interesting! I wonder what makes this possible...." and just plant the seed ya know?

As for precog I get it. But never anything significant, the snippets are always too short. I just take them in stride, with other synchronicities, as an indication that I'm doing something right.

Any interesting stories or thoughts you wanna share? I'm open to hear anything.

[51]

When I was 2 years old, I had my "first" nightmare (the first that I can remember, at least). We used to live in a crappy little "house" where all the rooms were pretty much connected (no hallways, tiny as all hell, only like 10-15 people could be inside at once). Anyways, I had this little toddler couch thing that I loved because, well, it was my couch, and I was the only one that could sit on it, and I would, for hours in a day, watching tv, playing legos, etc. In my nightmare, I was sitting on this couch, watching

a static image on tv that kept warping in and out with terrifying screams on it (think suicide mouse), and there was only one light on in the entire house, right above my head, and (almost) every single door was open to an absolute pit of never-ending blackness. Then I heard the sound of children crying and muffled screaming coming from my room (my bedroom door was the only closed door). I walked up, opened it, and found my room empty, with only my crib in there. I looked into the big mirror on my closet door, and instead of my reflection, there was a scarecrow staring back (it was just like a regular scarecrow, like the ones that look like they are smiling....like from children's books). I stepped back, and watched two of them climb out of my mirror, as I promptly ran back to my couch to get away.

They started to close in on me, and as I sat there, trying to move a muscle or even scream, my view switched to a 3/4 view from the corner of the room, like if it were a security camera's perspective. I watched them tear me apart, limb by limb, and consume me. I was thrashing about helplessly, listening to the sound of my own bones snap and break. I woke up in a cold sweat on my couch, crying. I don't know how the hell I got there, considering I had never left my crib on my own before at that time, and didn't learn how to until many months later, but it made my parents call the police, I was shaken so badly. There was nothing that they could do, they gave me a sticker, I slept with my parents for a week, it was all good. However, a few weeks later, there was a giant bloodstain on my couch, all over the cushion, like when you go swimming and sit down, how the couch would just soak it all up. Needless to say, they threw it away, and refuse to talk about it at all, to this day.

If you're interested, please ask questions, because I can tell that I screwed up on at least a thousand parts of this. It's just...terrifying, remembering it all.....

Also, ever since this happened, I've had hundreds of run ins with shadowmen, if not thousands, sometimes to the point where it'll be 10+ times a day, and I expect it. My fiance thinks that I'm a paranoid schizo, but..I don't know, I still believe in them.

[52]

Yaaay this thread is still here! I want to contribute, as I was a rather strange child. I'm a rather strange adult now, but I think the childhood stories are more interesting.

When I was maybe around five or six, I thought I saw a pig in the back lawn. It was weirdly shaped for a pig, looked more like a warthog or something, and it had bones sticking out of it's back. Stranger yet, it didn't even have a real physical appearance. It was just this shadow, but it moved progressively across the lawn. Freaked me out enough to tell my mom, who told my dad, who went out to check, and of course could find nothing.

I've always had vivid and terrifying dreams, as well. I think sometimes I would scream myself awake.

[53]

my house is known for paranormal activity
>last night
>wake up to to loud chatter
> figure its the tv
> tvs off
>its comming from the foot of my bed
> look nothing there
>suddenly.voice says shh
>scratching next to bed dog bolts in and starts staring at the wall
>too tired to understand whats happening I passout

[54]

Mine's a bit dull people would think just ordinary, but I have a bad feeling about it.

Well, I remember my childhood, back to when I was 2 and a half years old, and I remember details even my parents don't.

I also remember ALL of my life. I might not be able to bring them all up in order, but if someone mentions an event in my life, I remember it quite vividly.

Or so I thought, before my mom once mentioned I once had night terrors as a child.

Pretty normal for a kid, I guess. As well as the fact that I didn't remember it. I didn't pay much attention to it, but I did ask what happened when I had night terrors.

She explained that one night, I was rolling around in my bed, making sounds and stuff, and when she woke me up, I jumped up crying and muttering something about a giant spider.

Who doesn't have terrors about spiders, right? Although I do like them now. But still, pretty normal.

She then proceeded to tell me that she took me to a priest a few days later, so he'd 'read' me (?). Or how do you call that in English...?

Anyways. That's the eerie part. I do NOT remember ANYthing in that time period. Not the priest, not ANYTHING. I can't even associate that time with any of my memories. It's not just blank. It's not like when you've had a dream and you can't remember. It's like that never, ever existed in the first place.

It doesn't compute, doesn't match to ANYTHING of what's in my head.

I still ponder about it sometimes, although obviously nothing terrible happened back then, since I'm still alive...

And mom says that there was nothing weird about me then, either...I dunno.

[55]

At 5 years old I went to our annual family reunion and stayed at my great grandmothers house. At night me and my cousin who was 4 had to sleep out in the camper we brought. I wake up at 12:05 because something feels wrong and glance over next to the bed we are sharing and see a black figure sitting there staring and me and my cousin. I do not move out of sheer terror and just stare at it then it speaks in my mom's voice saying "shhh it's ok go back to sleep". Me being completely freaked out just sits there for an hour (I remember because there was a clock on the night stand right next to the thing watching until sleep over takes me. I wake up the next morning and ask my mom why she was watching us sleep. Her response was "what are you talking about I had to drive nine hours yesterday and I was out like a light all night". Still to this day have no idea what the hell that was and whether it was good or bad or in between or what.

[56]

Whenever I feel I have some kind of creepy or paranormal experience, it tends to occur when I've scared myself before the same day (e.g. The first time I saw a Paranormal Activity film, or from just reading stories on /x/) Just times when I get myself thinking about ghosts. Sometimes I can hear noises outside my house, (often footsteps) and other times I can sometimes 'feel' a presence when in or approaching a dark room. (Never happens in light)

But just now after reading all of these stories on /x/ (which I rarely do because of my experiences) a wasp flies into my room. I ignore it, really, it's summer time and there's nothing unusual about that. It then flies into another window adjacent to where I'm sat, and I watch it banging against the glass, desperately trying to free itself. And then it just drops dead. Suddenly, like out of nothing. One moment it's alive, mid-flight and then, boom. Dead. Dropped out of the sky. It's not really that scary I guess, but I've

never seen anything like that before. But it was just so sudden, I had to post about it.

[57]

When I was in middle school we had an exam one day. I sat in front. After like half an hour through the exam

I saw one of my friend from the back row walked to the teacher desk, submitted her paper and left the class.

Well that was quick. Not very surprised though, since she was one of the smartest.

When the time was nearly up, everybody had finished and we went to the teacher to submit our exam. And there

she went, my friend whose I saw submitting her exam earlier, walked again to submit her exam with the other.

Confused, I asked her "Didn't you have submitted your exam? Like half an hour ago?"

She said "What are you talking about? I just finished it now."

I was then just stood there for minutes. I swear it was her.

[58]

I have had the same things happening to me since I was young I strongly believe these to be premonitions when I remember the dream I have this intense feeling of seeing it before its weird but it has saved my life on several occasions.

[59]

I have some more eerie teen/childhood experiences as well. I think maybe around 14 or so I went walking with my big sister and twin in the nearby nature trails. It's connected to the lake, and apparently my twin waded out into the lake and nearly drowned.

I don't remember this. At all. My twin also doesn't remember this, but she thinks maybe because she blocked it out.

But I don't remember it because it never happened.

So, what could my big sister (who was nearly 30 at the time) have been remembering?

[60]

Also, I have lots of weird experiences with children. Around when I was 17 or 18, and I was graduating from high school, my half-siblings came up to visit with my bio dad.

They didn't stay in the house (I think their mom has this cleanliness issue, and since our house is super old, it doesn't meet her suburban standards), but rented some rooms at a hotel they were here. Maybe their second night here, the oldest of the three comes wandering in, looking spooked. I have no idea what's wrong with him, but he sees me, and says plaintively, "It's creepy here." and wanders away again.

Could just be put down to little suburban kid not knowing what a house over 20 years old is like, so I dismissed it.

Except, maybe six or seven years later when I was chatting with the middle child on fb (she had been around six or seven at the time of my graduation), she told me she remembered something when she had come over for my graduation.

She had seen a woman, maybe 30s with curly blonde hair standing in the barn we owned. Just standing there. And then when my sister had seen her, the woman had asked "Where's Mary?"

There was no-one at my party, except the girl's mother, who fit that description.

My sister said she got frightened and left to find her dad, and didn't know what happened to the woman after that.

[61]

It sounds like she has schizophrenia (sp?).

I have some relatives that have that. They are all highly intelligent but have told me about some terrifying things they have seen.

That is my first thought is this little girl has this because it sounds so familiar.

(My cousin told me about people in her room yelling at her, and seeing some terrifying things. I am just glad I don't have to deal with that.)

[62]

Anyone else's tv suddenly *creaks* or makes a *crack* noise when you're in the room by yourself with the tv off? It happens to me all the time, normally when I'm about to look at porn or do something that I'm not supposed to be doing. The tv in my room

will suddenly just make a couple loud *CRACK* sounds as if someone is applying pressure to it. Not sure if something is trying to communicate with me or what, but it happens quite often. My tv sometimes stays off for days and it still happens.

Like when I walk out of my room and head into the living room, the tv out there will suddenly make that sound when I walk past it.. is weird because it doesn't make that sound only until I appear in the room.

I'm pretty much used to this now and it doesn't startle me. I just wish I understood what was going on, or if someone is really trying to communicate to me.

[63]

I had an imaginary friend as a child, apparently. My Mother walks in on me as a child, half of a book is rested on my knee and the other half is being supported by supposedly nothing and I'm sitting there sounding out words from the book like a kid being taught how to read. I was about four or three and my mother hadn't really taught me to read, barely the ABCs, I think. but I was a fluent reader before long after some lessons from my imaginary friend.

[64]

I saw those guys in my neighborhood sometimes when I was a kid. One liked to watch me from my closet, which was right by the door. I couldn't tell my parents that I pissed the bed and such because I saw a big monster in the closet that would get me if I went to the door. (I did once and they got mad, said I was lying, and beat me... they thought everything I ever said was a lie. If

you want your kid to think you're a joke and lack confidence, don't believe anything they say)

I also had horrifying dreams for my entire childhood. I became accustomed to it but when I told them to my mom she would usually be unable to sleep that night. One time my dream made her cry; after that, I kept them to myself for the most part.

I grew up in Southern California and I have never been surprised by an earthquake. My family would rush out of their bedrooms during the bigger quakes to find me already in the hallway, wide-eyed, with a flashlight in hand. During daytime quakes, I would look up suddenly and stop talking as if listening to something in the distance, get up, and then the ground would start to shake. I can't even describe what tipped me off. It was like a sound I couldn't hear. This and a lot of other things I did as a child really disturbed my mom and she didn't bond with me very well... I think she just couldn't handle it, she is a weak and fearful person

[65]

I remember this weird thing from 6th grade. I was homeschooled then and would often sleep in until around 9 and wake up to an empty house. (My mom would come home around 10 on her first break) I remember waking up one morning just relaxing watching TV in bed with my bedroom door shut when I heard this thumping, like someone running up and back in the hallway on the wood floor just outside the door. It wasn't just a steady thumping coming from the same distance, it sounded like bare feet smacking getting closer and closer and then farther away. I think this happened for about 3-4 "laps" up and back the hallway when I got up to check, scared. I felt paralyzed reaching for the door, just frozen hearing the sound up and back. I finally just balled up and opened the door and there was, YEP, nothing there. The hallway was barren and I got an extremely, cold, eerie

felling. I know that sounds kind of dumb compared to the other stories but it really freaked me out.

[66]

My friends little brother used to have an imaginary friend named 'Mr Josie'. We later found that my friends mother had a friend named Josie who had passed.

Also, I have memories of floating down the stairs as a very young child. I have seen a few people in this thread have experienced this. Maybe it is a common phenomenon.

[67]

When I was about 3-5 I would constantly have dreams that the "Sky was on fire". My family and I would run from it. I would talk about it all the time, and my mom still talks about it. Still not sure what it means.

[68]

I remember being in second grade and this kid was dripping blood out of his nose, and then it just started pouring. Big clots were coming out, it was disgusting. It was all over the table and the ground and himself but the teacher never stopped teaching and he never seemed to notice. Oddly enough, that is the ONLY memory I have of second grade.

[69]

One time I was in "summer camp" which was just at the previous school I attended at the time. (I was in 4th grade at the time I think, so it was at the school of 2nd/3rd grade.) And here we just hung out everyday with a bunch of kids and you could do anything really from chill in the café, play on the playground or in the gym. And do you remember the story of Bloody Mary? (If not, you're supposed to stand in the bathroom completely dark and say Bloody Mary 3 times and you're supposed to see her or die or something along those lines.) Well 2 or 3 kids went in the bathroom which was just a 1 person bathroom in the hall and I was watching with 1 other kid from outside; We cracked the door hardly and it was basically black still. One of them said it (3x) and instantly after, the room flashed red for a split second as if someone flickered the lights once. Then after that the room was tinted really dark red and I swear I saw a line of blood running down the mirror. This all happened in under like 2 or 3 seconds. I swear that happened to this day. Unless it was the extreme fear of the story that made my mind think that way. Which does sound plausible.

[70]

My first memory was probably when I was 3 or 4. I swear this was my only "out of body" experience because I recall seeing myself sitting making Snoopy Sno-cones on the floor of my grandmas closet. The "camera" was moving in towards my body, I could hear a low drum roll that got louder as the camera got closer to my face, and then a loud pop sound like a gun shot and then I was in 1st person...

[71]

I also experience the floating down stairs thing. I always used to in dreams but I still currently. I think it's just faster than walking down stairs? You can pretty much do anything in a dream anyways.

[72]

When I was a kid, maybe 7 or 8, I remember it was late at night, and I was lying in bed sort of half-asleep when I started hearing voices. Like, lots of voices. It sounded like a crowd of people were standing in my room and talking. Then they got louder and louder, and started screaming and I remember hearing women and children screaming these blood curdling screams, and then I snapped my eyes open and they all stopped. My room was empty. I figured maybe I was dreaming, but it was still creepy as hell.

[73]

when I was a kid I lived in many houses, but the first when I can ever remember I always saw a ghost inside of it. It was an old man always wandering through the hallways. He often looked into my room and made scary faces at me and I would scream.

My siblings who were older and younger never saw them, and my parents thought I was crazy. The ghost never seemed to want to do anything except stare at me like a creep.

I remember also having an unfinished basement with a random horrible hole in the wall. I would NEEEEEVER go down there alone ... not even if you paid me AND all the lights were on. not

with the things I saw walking around.

One day I woke up screaming bloody murder and it felt like someone had a knife or something and was just slowly dragging it across my leg.

my parents ran into my room and frantically pulled my covers off and asked what was wrong, and I pointed to the spot that hurt and sure enough there was a giant, explainable bloody gash going across my leg. not very thick or deep, but still bleeding fresh blood and pretty near unexplainable.

Nothing like that has ever happened again in my life, especially not while I was dead asleep under covers and no bugs or pins or anything seemed to be nearby.

I moved many times after that and I never saw a ghost again in any other house. I tell myself it was all just in my impressionable young mind to help myself stay sane as these are some of the earliest memories of my entire life.

[74]

when I was a kid growing up in my grandparents old house, of which they both passed away in, I'd ran into multiple experiences. Between me and my other siblings, we'd experienced a lot but my experiences seem a little more prevalent then the others.

>I woke up one evening I was super young so it probably was like third grade, I was sleeping under my bunk bed on the floor like a boss cause I liked to switch things up, and I'd rolled over awake but that kinda half sleeping kind of awake? any I'd looked at the doorway which was a curtain to partition my room from the other room in my basement and a young girl whom had to of been about my age maybe younger was just standing there staring at me. head sort of cocked to the side as though she was curious if I'd awaken because of her. to tell you guys the truth she

probably did wake me up.. I tend to feel people around me while I'm sleeping and will wake up but still act like I'm sleeping.. but anyway, I stared at her for a second and was like nope back to sleep not dealing with that lol

>another time I'd awaken to a thump come from what we'd referred to as "the other side" of the basement.. I'd promptly hopped off the top bunk of my bed because this was about a year after the previous story, and walked over there, figured teh kitty was trying to get out.. I open the door walk in look around and nothing, couldnt find my cat so I turn around and start to walk back to the door I see something leave the doorway as though it was watching me.. like a shirt tale, grey fabric like sweat shirt or something. I ran out there after it and nothing. wtf'd at my brothers door for a minute because I'd of heard it go up the stairs.. his door was locked and though I was beating and destroying the door he wouldnt answer it.. ultra combo nope/wtfing back to my room and literally screaming help and crying for a min.. nobody wakes up nobody comes to help, I'm just staring at the door waiting for something to happen while I'm going crazy scared.. till this day I'm still wtfing.

I talked with my uncle about my experiences, and he just looked like he knew but he wouldnt talk about anything all he said was pretty much..

[75]

When I was like 4, I had a dream when my mother was crying, and she kept saying "why him? Why him?", and I knew my dad had died. That kept going for a long time, and I woke up.

a few years later, he got a rare blood disease and died.

My grandmother always told me if you tell someone your dreams, they wont come true, and I felt guilty for some time

because I never told that dream. I was only like 8 years old then.

I know it sounds stupid, but when I was like 16, I had a dream where he came back unexpectedly, and it was SO vivid. Everything in my dream, the door and room he was in, my family's faces and their actions were identical to real life. And when he entered the room it just felt so great. Like, pure happiness. And it wasn't that he was alive. And I really didn't know him, so it wasn't like I missed him. I'm not religious or anything, but I can only describe the feeling it gave me as heaven. I've never had a feeling like that before, and haven't since. And he came and whispered that he would see me again on December 10th, and I wish I remembered the year he gave me. I spent a long time trying to figure out what it meant, and December 10th is kind of a day I watch out for.

I know this all sounds like garbage, but it's honest.

My younger sister (2 at the time of his death) also went through a really weird phase after his death too. She was 3 at the time, and she would run around outside and say things like "come play with me daddy!" and spin and stuff. That was all normal, I guess, but she would actually have conversations. Really in-depth things. And one time, she was running around and tripped near a cinderblock, and her head was falling right towards it, and it was as if she had been shoved out of the way. It was the craziest thing I ever saw. She got up and giggled, and said "thanks daddy!" or something.

A couple of years later, she told me about these dreams she had where a man would come to her window and laugh. An evil laugh though. And it scared her so much that she woke up screaming and she stood and pissed herself. I've never seen anybody be so scared of a dream that they wet themselves. It happened nightly for a few weeks, and then she said her daddy came and beat them up.

It probably isn't paranormal, but it strikes me as odd that she was so connected to someone who died when she had just turned

2 years old.

[76]

I have a pretty bad short term memory, just like my dad and my family always refer to me as a "dreamy-head" so when I tell them I remember a lot of things from my very early childhood they never believe me. My earliest memory is lying down in my crib then sitting up and looking around the room, the room was dark and had ugly brown curtains and those ugly 70s orange bed covers, must've been my parents room cause it was a double bed. Mum later confirmed that was what the room looked like. I remember sticking my arms and legs through the bars of the crib and trying to figure out how to fit my milk filled bottle(those weird ones shaped like an "o" with a hole through the middle) through the bars but I eventually dropped it. Nothing weird, except one time when I must've been about 3 or 4 I remember waking up and looking at my arms and legs and feeling like they were stretching really long and then shrinking back really short and doing this over and over again. The next morning mum measured my height and I'd grown a little as kids do. For a long time I thought that was how people grew. As I said, nothing weird but I have a lot of useless memories from being a little kid, guess I just find it weird in itself that our brains can remember that stuff..

[77]

well this thread might be done but I still wanna contribut

when I was younger (around 7 or 8) I had these creepy porcelain dolls on my window sill. they were cute and girly, but they had huge eyes that never closed and it seriously scared me. they were positioned so that they stared right at me each night

and I could never sleep since I felt they were looking at me. one night I decided to move them so that they were looking out the window, and I swear to god, when I woke up in the morning they were staring at me again. I will never forget that.

my mom still has those porcelain dolls, but I have never ever brought them anywhere near my room again.

in hindsight, it was probably just my mom going into my room, realizing the dolls weren't set right, and fixing them before I woke up, but you never know...

[78]

My daughter did this shortly after my father had died a couple of years ago. She was only 4 at the time. I would hear her talking in the middle of the night, get up to check on her, and she would be sitting up in her bed just chatting away. This happened at least a couple times a week for about 6 months before it began to taper off. It creeped me out at first until one day she came and sat down next to me on the couch and said, "Big Pa wants you to know that it's not your fault and that he loves you very much." I sat there, dumbfounded, for a few seconds before bursting into tears. She still talks to him from time to time but not as frequently.

[79]

This happens to everyone, in everyone's home. It isn't paranormal. It's the materials of whatever it is(the plastic/glass of your tv, the wood of your house) expanding and contracting with the change of temperature. It doesn't even have to be a big change in temperature that we can feel, just enough to affect the materials slightly. You might notice it more in cold weather when

the sun comes out a little. I've moved houses 4 times into 4 very different houses and the oldest one made of predominantly wood made the most noise in the morning and at sundown. Noticed it when I was a lot

younger and my dad who's a scientist told me what it was.

[80]

This happened a few years ago when I was living with my brother and his family.

>Home alone with my five year old niece, watching cartoons or something equally mind numbing.

>I'm sort of drifting off into space when suddenly a glass door separating the upstairs of the house from the downstairs of the house flies open so hard it nearly shatters.

>I'm a little shaken, but get up to close it.

>Niece randomly points through the door at the ceiling and says, "Look auntie!" I say, "Look at what?"

>She says, "The ceiling people! They're right there! Can't you see them? They're my friends!"

>Noped, grabbed her and took her to the park, while calling my brother asking when he'd be home.

[81]

Dead thread is dead, but I guess I'll post the one....(not even really paranormal) experience that I've ever had (other things have happened, just disembodied voices, etc...nothing truly creepy).

I was probably around...12 or 13, but at the same time, I really have no clue, it was just a long time ago, before I was an adult for

sure, as I was sleeping in my parents bed. well, I suppose I wasn't "sleeping" but more in the hypnagogic state, and out of an inaudible string of words as though someone was having a conversation, the only comprehensible words I caught were "...he will appear and summon the demon Dei-Mau..." weirded me out for a while. though the name I heard sounded like 'day-maw', I spelled it more interestingly to appear like some sort of cultured faggot.

[82]

So mine story is probably only gonna be creepy to me, cause I'm a wimp and stuff. about a year ago I was attending columbia basin job corps over in moses lake washington. I was laying in my bed listening to my ipod, it was like 11 at night or so, and over my ipod I hear, pretty loudly mind you, little girls laughing. at first I thought maybe it was in the song, so I rewinded it back, but didnt hear it. I immediately NOPED and went to sleep. in the morning I talked to a staff member about it, and he said that the center used to be an old air force base. the main thing that was creepy about it is there is a bunch of tunnels underground connecting all the buildings. sorry if it seems like I'm rambling

[83]

When I was a kid I had a lucid dream, I guess. I sat up in my bed and awoke to a hand reaching out from the side of the bed. I got out and noticed a big chest in the middle of my room. I couldnt open it but I could hear my brother screaming from inside of it, I ran to flip the lights on but they didnt work. I looked back at the chest and saw it open, I walked over and I could hear something whispering; I ran. I ran to find my mother, but she wasnt in the house so I ran outside. I met her in her car reading a

book and she walked me back to the house to sleep. I woke up and I talked to her about it. I really did run outside and meet her at the car. I guess I woke up and dreamed nightmares while still being awake?

[84]

My first paranormal experience, as I remember it, happened when I was around 3. I was sleeping in my grandparent's bed with them and I woke up in the very early morning, maybe around 4 o'clock. Since they were both asleep I just looked around the room quietly, because I was wide awake. On one of the walls, suddenly I saw images of people I didn't know. They were just normal looking people, and they weren't scary at all. It was like watching home movies from a projector. I don't really remember specifically many details but I do remember two scenes from the wall. The first was a baby, maybe around 9 months old, sitting on the floor playing with ABC blocks. The second, which is why I'm considering this paranormal and not just a small child watching clips mistakenly projected onto a wall in the middle of the night, was an elevator full of people. They looked like they were from the 1970's, and it seemed as though they could see me too. One of the ladies on the elevator even smiled, winked, and waved at me. I watched scenes like this for a very long while until I eventually fell back asleep. The next morning I described what I saw to my mom, and asked her for an explanation, (I was three and used to not understand some of the things I saw) but she just seemed a little dumbfounded and just brushed off the experience with no explanation. I remember the images I described here so vividly though. It's a wonder I wasn't scared at the time.

[85]

I was like 5, and I had a dream I walked outside to grab diapers for the baby, and I came back into a huge, elaborate hotel. I kept asking everyone where is my mommy, and I eventually came into a room that was my mother's, and I fell asleep and woke up the next morning in her bed. I had slept-walked around the house and actually found my mother's room.

Not paranormal at all, but it was still weird.

[86]

My grandmother had lived with us since I was like 2. By the time I was 16, she had lung cancer that had metastasized to her brain, we didn't know this though. She knew but decided not to tell us. I was thoroughly weirded out when I would go downstairs and give her some dinner and she's mistake me for my father.

or when she would ask who the little children where that were running around down there. I thought maybe one of my friend's nephews who had been over had been curious and snuck downstairs to see what was down there.

The creepiest time was when I went down there to give her something to eat and she had this look on her face like she was talking to a child. She asked, "Well what's your name?" with a huge grin on her face.

ohgod I know there was a medical reason for it but it scared the crap out of me at the time.

[87]

Age 3 - Probably my first memory, was living in a basement

suite with my alcoholic mother - brother had this stupid giant stuffed toy of some evil, blue monster with horns which was apparently from some 80s cartoon which scared the hell out of me. Used to give me wicked nightmares up until I was about 9. Anyways, I woke up one day with this thing sitting on the floor next to my bed. It was screaming my name "Anon, I'm gonna get you", I burst out of bed screaming like the little bastard child I was. Rushed down the hall, looked behind me and the thing was following me: standing at the frame of my bedroom door.

NOPE.

Ran into the living room with passed out mother and shook her awake.

Age 8 - With recovered mother visiting my older brother a few hundred miles away. Went go-karting that day and mom asked me to take a picture of her with my bro. This was the first picture I'd ever taken. Saw an old man in the background as taking picture, included him in the shot. Next day, back home again and grandma phones: grandpa died. Mom gets pictures of trip developed, thinking I've taken a pro picture with something in the foreground all that's there is a reflection in the picture right next to my mom. Never told her about that but she was crying when she saw it claiming I was a little angel. She framed that picture and has it sitting on the stairwell.

Age 10 - Go home from elementary school violently ill, which was really odd because I never get sick and the illness was rather sudden. Get home, my cat's guts are scattered all over my lawn. Man, I LOVED that cat.

[88]

Age 13 - playing piano at the most prestigious piano tournament in my province (Canada-fag). Sit up at piano. Pretend

I'm Mozart. Feel immense energy upon me and before I've even counted in my fingers start moving. Played the song like a true professional. Won tournament - 100% on my song. Never told anybody I know in person about this one but basically I would claim that I was possessed because (while I practiced hard every day) I WAS NOT that good at piano.

Age 14 - wake up at 6am, abnormal for me because I slept until 7:30am before school every day. Five minutes later, phone rings. Grandma died.

Skip ahead 6 years - 20 years old. I'm pretty sure I'm crazy at this point despite nothing unnatural in a long time. Walking to my friends house, I live on school campus (supposedly the best technology school in Canada) and am walking across the parking lot which is full of cars (hundreds/thousands). Not a single person there. Was dealing pot at this time... suddenly get this feeling I'm a terrible person. My visual acuity increases and I observe my own aura. It is green and goes from a healthy, vibrant green to a filthy green. Walking up stairs that lead to upper road on campus and get the feeling I'm being watched. At this point, I KNOW I'm nuts. I shake off the feeling, knowing I've just lost it completely. Feeling gets more intense. I'm at the top of the stairs now and I look behind me: nobody there. Not a single soul. In a parking lot jam packed, right after all the classes end there's not a single person. Feeling I'm being watched remains. I turn around, take 2 steps and hear a swooping come from behind me. A forceful shove throws me to the ground. Get up and brush myself off: I'm officially nuts.

[89]

Age 21 - Home from working late, it's approximately 2:45am. Go outside for a ciggy, Hearing music off in the distance. Suddenly, music bursts from all corners of the city, tones from the

sky, playing a song of sorrow. Adrenaline rushing, I'm pinching myself. Neighbour comes out of his house and hears it too. Smoke 3 cigarettes while listening until it stops. Black helicopter flies directly over my house 2 minutes later with no lights on it, flying so low I can feel the wind force of the blades in my chest/stomach.

Age 21 - at the worst moment in my life. I feel like crap because I've just been robbed 2k. Pacing for a late night walk at the park. Owl swoops right in front of me narrowly missing me. Got followed by more owls that night.

I'll stop there.

[90]

When I was 12, a family down the road from us had their home burn down. It was a fairly rural area, with large distances between homes along the road, and about half of them were mobile homes and trailers. This was a fairly standard single-wide mobile home, of the kind they built in the early 70s that would go up like a tinderbox if you dropped a cigarette on the rug. Most of them made it out, but an elderly guy and his dog that lived there didn't.

My dad and my uncle, owning property with a common boundary, decide to buy the metal husk of the trailer and use it as tool and parts storage on the hillside behind their garages. They drag it down there and fill it with all the car parts and junk that had been piling up where my mom and aunt hated it. They didn't repaint the inside or anything- it was all still scorched black and smelled like burnt hair.

About a year after owning this thing, I'm helping my dad and uncle stash more inside it. We're on the hillside just above it, on the trail they built for it. My uncle opens the only door to the

trailer (they converted the old front door to a big shed door, and boarded up everything else) and walks inside. We hear a loud whack and he comes flying out backwards. Literally, feet off the ground, sailing through the air like he just got hit by a truck. He lands on the trail, grabbing his chest and babbling. We all tear up the hill and watch the trailer from there, expecting some big animal to come out. Uncle's got a huge red spot on his chest that became one of those funky purple and yellow bruises eventually.

Nothing ever walked out, and my dad eventually got brave enough to go check out the trailer. Nothing inside, boards all intact. He then closed the door, chained it shut, and welded the lock shut. My uncle said "what about all the stuff inside?" and my dad said "Screw you, it's gone."

Smartest man I've ever met, to this day.

[91]

When I was little I went to my grandma's she told me she was haunted by a ghost of a little girl who had died in or around the house. Well anyway It really weird me out. It seemed my grandma had come content with living with the ghost girl. One visit I went around the house with an old candle Lantern while my aunt showed slide show of her time in Africa. I went around the rest of the house in dark besides the the lantern, well I looked in the room and there she was Floating about say a foot or two off the ground. She was spinning while also staying still. She said something to me, not sure what it was, I felt trap fro a second, then I ran to the living room.

[92]

I was sleeping at my grandmothers house once (I did before but never alone) in my dads old room that he shared with his 2 brothers. its a big room just under the roof.

my parents were at a wedding ,and 15 mins after I got to bed I heard something shuffle around my bed, just walking around it,so I got the nerve to peak from under the covers and it was a person that looked like he came from the 1800's with a candle .

I turned on the light next to the bed bed really fast and he was gone.

but in the weeks and months after I would hear the same noise and see him walking around my own bed at my parents house.

the last time I saw it was when I was under my covers, leaving a small gap to breathe and all of a sudden I see a hand coming right at me.

and since then it stopped.

[93]

When I was younger, I apparently had a cousin who was killed, Jennifer. I had never met her, and I still don't know what she looks like, but she was like 18 months old. So I went to her funeral with my mom, came home and immediately had an imaginary friend. Named Jennifer. I was like 3 at the time. So I started drawing headstones, and creepy stuff and my mom was freaked out because I had never seen anything like it. I even remember asking her a question, and turning to look at her, and there being nothing there. But I still talked.

Then I have a brother that used to play hide and go seek with no one. He couldn't walk well yet, or talk, but he would walk back and forth giggling and ducking under the window while staring at the ground 2 stories below at nothing.

(then we found out we were living in a demon possessed house next to a huge piece of land where satanists actively practiced, on a road named after a man who's name in some Indian language

translated in to "The bad/dark man". This is all 100% true, and I wish it wasn't. I do not believe in ghosts now at all because of what I witnessed.)

I also have another brother, but when he was born his eyes were glazed over so my mom thought he was retarded, and he got mad and threw a watermelon at our house one day. lol He's not retarded, turns out he's just gay.

[94]

when I was 8 my family moved into a house where one of the previous owners died from alcoholism. Keep in mind hat before we moved here I had never seen anything out of the ordinary and I had never had a true fear of the dark. About a week after we moved into the house I remember seeing an old man standing in the corner of the room just looking at me so I covered my face and kept my eyes closed until I fell back asleep . Later that year I remember I was a hot summer so I slept without a shirt and I remember waking up in the middle of the night with an icy cold hand on my back but there was noone there when I turned my head just the feeling of a cold hand on the center of my back. Sometimes I would stay sitting on my bed in the middle of the night because I had the distinct feeling that there was someone staring at me from my doorway.

I wasnt the only one experiencing things either my mom has always been very sensitive stuff of this nature and she would say she could feel something in the house.

Things continued like this for several years until I became a teenager thats when things really got out of hand. one night when my mother was leaving for work (she used to leave at 3 am) she told us that as she walked out of the house someone opened and slammed closed the refrigerator door. not only that but I started seeing movement out of the corner of my eyes. we started

hearing plates rustling in the kitchen. one day my mother and sister went to the store leaving me alone for about 2 or 3 hours. I remember that I was on the computer in my room and I could see into the kitchen. suddenly something attracted my attention to the kitchen and I clearly saw the dark silhouette of a person running into the kitchen. Thinking that my mom had returned I went into the kitchen to see if she needed help with the groceries but to my surprise there was no one there all there was was a strange feeling like someone was watching me from the garage. another time I was laying on my stomach watching television when I saw someone running behind me from the window next to the tv I turned around and again there was no one there. again things went like this for a while until I turned 17 and a whole new set of things started to happen.

When I was 16 early 17 my sister moved out and I received her room which was adjacent to the garage. to this day I dont remember why I took the room it had always given me the creeps when I would walk in front of it. It was a very big room with very big windows very close to the street and a bit away from the house. I used to hate having to go to my room when it was very late because of the feeling of someone following you and the room itself had a heavy feeling to it. One day I was sitting in my room on my computer at 3 in the morning playing a game called dark reign 2 with my friends online when suddenly I heard something scrape the house right next to my head (imagine something like the lickers from resident evil scratching the wall right next to you). I freaked out I grabbed my knife and sat there trying to rationalize what had just happened . After a few seconds I relaxed and I thought to myself its ok it was probably some cats fighting outside my window . not a second after I had that thought suddenly right above my head I heard BOOM ! BOOM! BOOM! in the ceiling. I freaked out it was as if someone had heard me and they were letting me know " no I'm not just cats outside your window". I remember I couldnt sleep with the lights off in this room I would always feel like someone was right behind me when I had the lights off I could literally feel there breath right behind me. another odd thing was that the closet door would always open I would close it at night before I went to bed I would make

sure it wouldn't open by shaking it repeatedly and sure enough every morning when I woke up the door would be swung wide open.

[95]

When I was younger I was just a sleep, dreamed of a place I'd never seen before, with a few people I've never met before. Turns about about Two years later I go down country for a wedding, turns out they were members of my family who I had literally never met. This has happened to me before. I know it has, even though I cannot remember other examples. Deja Vu is one creepy thing, but trust me, this could not be explained as the "Information skipping registry" explanation, as I had the dream two years before.

[96]

I was once lying awake in bed as a child (about 12 or 13 at the time) and suddenly I felt something stroking the back of my head. There were fingers running through my hair slowly. I froze in terror. I wanted to turn and look but I was too scared to move so I pretended to be asleep until it stopped after 3 or 4 minutes. I was alone in my room. I know I was awake and I know I felt fingers on my head.

[97]

I forgot to add about my creepy neighbours, and their poor children. They came to live in the house next to the barn we

rented because the dude renting out the property split the parcel into 4 (barn, house, fields, the space behind the barn and house). The guy who was supposed to be repairing the house was a huge druggie, and his wife was this strung out little crack whore (literally) who had dragged their mutual child up from Georgia.

Occasionally, the little girl would tell her mom about the little boy who lived in her closet. The little boy with the hole in his head. When her mom asked her what she meant, she said that the little boy was shot in the head.

Little girl was 4-5 at the time.

Also, before they got there, my mom and I forayed into the house by the landlord's wishes, and we checked out the house to see how much the last tenants screwed it up.

The attic had been turned into a bedroom. Messed up thing, was I had dreamed about that attic years before (I was 19 at the time), and in my dream, I had known that a murderer was living there.

[98]

When I was younger this used to seriously creep me out.

If I had a nightmare, I would do what half of kids my age would do (around 6 years old) Go to my parents room, and sleep there.

But every time I would not be able to sleep in my parents room very well. My dad had procrastinated to put new floorboards down for years. Every time I had a nightmare and went in there room I would jump in the middle of them.

Every 5 seconds or so, I would hear a footstep. The footstep was around this interval every time. It would not come down the side of the bed, only at the top, it would pace, back and forward at the top, as if it cannot reach me.

Ever since I grew up I have not had this creepy experience, only

ever happened in my parents room.

[99]

When I was 11, I was trying to fall asleep one Christmas Eve so I could open presents the next morning. After an hour or so, I had to piss, so I went to the bathroom. On the walk back, I was trying to not be scared in our dark hallway, but then I got this REALLY vivid image in my head of a headless, bloodied man behind me. It was like I was actually seeing him when I closed my eyes. I turned on my light and jumped under my covers and cried myself to sleep, and I had a dream in which I was outside watching four pallbearers carry a casket backwards across a snowy park. It was terrifying for some reason and at the end of the dream, the lid of the casket opened and a decaying arm and hand stretched out. The day after Christmas, my parents found out that my uncle had shot himself on Christmas Eve.

[100]

Not really in my childhood, but when I was 21, I was renting this house owned by an old professor couple in college. There were two bedrooms in the section we rented, and I slept in the one with the big bed. Or, at least I would try to.

But, I swear to god, there would always be a tiny little shadow man watching me from the hallway, if I left the door open. If I closed the door, though, it wasn't much better.

Also, several times while I was sleeping, I felt something climb up onto the bed with me. A small thing, maybe no larger than a cat. In fact, I thought it was a cat, since we got two in our last year living there. It would climb up the bed, and then run rapidly

up the length to my hand or arm and stay there. I would wake up, and there would be no cat.

But I could still feel whatever it was, sitting next to my arm.

Nope'd it out of the room to sleep in the other one.

[101]

I only have one that "happened" to myself. To this day I remember it in detail, even though I wasn't more than 4 or so. But yet, I doubt it ever happened.

Anywho, whenever I was sleeping in my parents' bed, and have to go to take a piss in the middle of the night, I usually got my mom to follow me to the bathroom, because the place was scary in the dark. When she escorted me to the bathroom though, I remember some small creatures, bunny-size or so, jumping on the TV. Had it happened today, I'd probably adopt one of them, now I think they looked cute, but back then - terrified.

My aunt also has some stories shes shared. Acoording to her, my grandmother woke up one night and yelled "fire" and woke everyone up. She could feel the heat and smell the smoke, so my grampa went to check it out. Nothing, absolutely nothing in the house was to blame. However, the next morning my grandmother was informed that her childhood home had burned down. (which was very very very far away, so there is no way in hell she smelled the smoke or felt the heat..)

[102]

The majority of my childhood was spent living in a podunk town

in southeast Texas. My paternal grandmother and father (I called them Grandmama and Papa) were die hard christians with a Baptist church that was extremely cultish. As a child, it was bored into my head that God was the answer to everything and that everything was black or white, good or evil, of God or the Devil, to the utmost extreme.

When I was 6, a guest preacher had come to our church. I don't remember what his sermon was about, but he had asked us to join him in prayer. We had all bowed our heads and I always closed my eyes when I prayed, but when he was done and I looked back at him, there was a person standing behind his right shoulder. The person was androgynous, taller than the preacher and what I remember as being gold and glowy. I was standing next to my mom, with my grandmother on the other side of her, and I tugged on her dress and said, "Mommy, there is someone standing behind the preacher. Why don't they go sit down?" My mom of course replied with, there is no one there sweetie, but I was adamant that someone was disrupting the preacher's sermon and that they needed to go sit down. Mom asked me what they looked like and I described what I saw to her. Grandmama overheard my description and proceeded to make a big deal out of it to the congregation, proclaiming I "could see angels". Being the kid I was, all this did was freak me out, but I remember the gold person as being kind and smiling at me when I was telling Mom and pointing at it.

I know now that my grandparents were zealots and that this particular church is a bit crazy, but this experience is something I will never forget. Nor do I think I will ever know what it was that was standing behind the preacher.

[103]

I have had two dreams in my life. Only two, but I remember them well. In the first, my home was somehow in the woods next

to a lake, and there was a rope swing over that lake. So, I swing on the rope and I'm suddenly eaten by a crocodile. It wasn't an alligator either. It was a crocodile, I could tell by the nostrils. Not that long afterward, I slept through a tornado that sent trees all around my house crashing down. I moved, and about two years later I find that the house had been destroyed by a tornado and the whole town infested by fire ants.

The second dream was a bit weirder. It involved me bicycling at night across the Golden Gate Bridge. There was nobody on the bridge. There were cars, but they were all empty, and looked somewhat old. About halfway across, I got stuck in something. As I was trying to pull my bike out, I looked up and saw a weird brownish spindly figure with multiple limbs. Looked kinda like one of those stick-bugs. After that, I never had another dream.

[104]

When I was 9 I woke up in the middle of the night and saw this creepy face looking at me with a face like "I'm gonna kill you and then eat you" the face was blue and looked like a mix between the cheshire cat and the I lied meme face and ever since I never have dreams

[105]

Oh yeah I also talk in my sleep and scream stuff like noooo but I can't remember anything about any dreams but I always feel that blue face lurking somewhere

[106]

I remember I was in bed, then , a weird noise sounds, a really high noise, then I look at my window and there's a black man, well... not an African man, he was like a black silhouette . The face is like the man in the pic, but it wasnt a mask, it was a head with two white dots for eyes , he doesnt have a mouth, just 4 vertical white lines, no ears, then my bedroom becomes yellow and he says:"you should be asleep"

I can't really say it was a dream, I'm not sure.

I was 6 or 7

[107]

I remember when I was very young, I would be laying on my cradle and a man would be there watching me and shaking the cradle. It was not my dad as I remember the man to be old with white hair while my dad, at the time, was young and had, still to this day, black hair.

As I brought the subject back to my mother a couple of weeks ago, she sayd I use to mention the man back when that happened.

[108]

So this thread is still alive huh.. Intredasting. I have two things to share.

In the first story I'm like... 10 years old, can't really remember. I was on a fishing trip with my dad, my uncle and my cousin who was two years younger than me. We were at a lake in the middle of nowhere, seriously, we drove for like three hours on small roads and everything. When we arrived, we put up the tents and started fishing.

After a couple of hours, when it started to go dark, someone started playing a violin. And I'm telling you, it played all through the night.

Weird thing is, it was just me and my cousin who heard it. My dad and uncle didn't hear a single thing, ever. But both me and my cousin are 100% sure that what we heard was someone playing a freaking violin, in the middle of the woods.

I still to this day think it was "Näcken", a swedish water spirit that lures down women and kids into lakes and streams with it's music, just to drown them.

The other story is way shorter. I was in bed, trying to sleep when all of a sudden two tears started to run down my cheeks. Morning after, my mother called. Granddad had died that night at the hospital, about the time I cried.

[109]

My younger brother constantly claimed to see ghosts from the time he was about six until he was eight or nine. I remember, at first, he would come to us and tell us about them all excited, but after a while he would only tell us if we asked and the entire time he would rub his eyes with his fingers and cry.

He's sixteen now and I texted him last night to ask if he remembers seeing ghosts, but he never answered. I'll let you know what he says, if he decides to text back. But I come from a superstitious Catholic family, one of those enormous ones with people dying all the time. Other members of my family, older ones, claim to have their dead parents looking out for them and things like that. My brother was the only one of us who saw things constantly, though--not just dead family members.

I have a lot of stories that he only told me from when he was younger, some are good ones and some are the scarier ones he'd tell me in whispers with tears streaming down his face. The two that scared me the most were the ghosts that he said visited our room at night. One was, allegedly, a cowboy who paced back and forth next to his bed, never looking at him. He said that once the cowboy tried to touch him and he screamed, so the cowboy left.

The other ghost was a girl who looked exactly like me, but wore a ragged and ripped up white dress and had long black hair that swam around her head. He told me that her eyes were red and hollow and her mouth was a gaping hole, but she was unmistakably me. She floated barefoot at the foot of his bed and appeared to him only once. He covered his face with his blankets, but every time he peeked out at her she would scream at him. He says he cried all night, from the time she appeared at around 2 am until the sun came out and she disappeared.

I've got more stories if anyone wants to hear them. I've asked him a few times if he remembers before but he just gives me a face like I'm stupid and continues whatever he's doing.

[110]

when I was a lil' kid I was playing with a lego like toy. suddenly, one of the pieces raised in the air as if pushed from bellow and fell. still today I don't know what to think of it. maybe just a kiddie allucination, typical kiddie psychic poltergeist or the piece got trapped under me, which acted as a pinch catapult. who knows.

[111]

>be 10
>sitting at home
>boring summer night
>older brother upstairs sleeping
>hear someone in basement
>like banshee screaming.
>some growls
>some groaning
>no one else is home
>slamming
>I start to cry
>I go hide in bathroom
>I scream for my brother
>brother comes down yelling
>I'm crying in the corner
>he goes and checks it out
>runs back upstairs
>tells me to grab the keys and get into his car
>I do so
>he comes out moments later
>looking pale as a ghost
>HE WONT SPEAK.
>go to grandmas
>I tell her what happened
>she calls cops
>drives me back home
>cops say they couldnt find anything
>no sign of forced entry
>brother doesnt talk for months
>to this day he still wont tell me what he saw

>7 years later
>beg brother to tell me
>leaves work early to tell me
>sits me down
>tells me he saw a woman.. covered in blood
>dark eyes... mouth open like a vortex of some kind..
>eating what looked like to be me and mom
>ripping at our flesh

>he says he heard me screaming "brother help... josh please help!"

>my mother screaming "josh help us!"

> then it says to him "dont fall asleep tonight"

> he sits there quietly.

>I start crying.

[112]

I have a lot of twisted memories from my childhood, but sometimes I just think half of them were dreams I had and now I take them as memories. But there are a few I know they happened. I remember I was sitting at the table in a family dinner when I was like 5 and I was facing a window, and when everyone was eating I saw this big black figure with a really odd face passing by. I told my dad and he went out to see who was out there but he could not find anyone.

When I was seven, my neighbors were brutally murdered, and after that, the lights of their room (which you could see from my window) would turn off and on.

At that same age, you could hear a whistling in the first floor, and I remember I once went down the stairs and saw a really classy man, just sitting there whistling, but I was too scared to talk to him. Whenever I heard the whistling I would tell my parents about that, but they didn't hear a thing.

[113]

had one experience. when I was sleeping I was awakened by some weird monkey looking thing with a really white head and no mouth and just really huge yellow eyes. It was jumping around like

a monkey arms wailing. it was prolly a dream tho coz instead of being terrified like mofo I was like omg stop monkeying around I'm trying to go to bed. when I woke up I thought about it and was terrified I couldnt leave my bed for hours.

sadly the only paranormal thing I can recall ever happening to me.

[114]

>was about 5 or 6
>uncle and his family came to visit from next state over
>my parents and uncle decide to go to lake, to camp overnight
>so every one piles in the two cars, I'm in back seat
>couple of back roads to get to lake
>all of a sudden, both cars stop
>we're behind uncles car
>dad gets out
>comes back after a minute or two, tells all the kids to close their eyes
>tells us not to open them no matter what until they say its okay
>after what seems like forever, dad finally gets back in and says it's okay
>open eyes, try to look out front
>rag tied around top of car antenna
>looks like a tennis ball under there, but won't say what
>both cars turn around and go home
>when we get home, they won't tell us what happened, just tells us that the weather wasn't right to camp that night - do it some other time
>dad and uncle go outside a bit later
>come back in, lots of hushed talking amongst adults until bed time
>next day, they act like nothing out of the ordinary happened
>cooked out to make up for missed camping, uncle and fam

went home later that evening

I never did find out what it was. I asked my mother even recently, before she passed away and she said she didn't remember. I still can't imagine what it was. we didn't hit anything, uncles car wasn't damaged, so no idea what happened that night.

[115]

>another, was about 7 or 8
>this time, we're visiting uncle
>getting pretty late, but we're staying the night
>looking through uncles awesome illustrated encyclopedia set
>his older kids come rushing in, says it looks like a house on fire a couple miles away
>oh, this is rural south-eastern oklahoma btw
>he says he needs to go see if help is needed
>I ask if I can go, so uncle and his older kids get in their car. dad, mom, brothers and me in ours.
>we follow
>go winding around the dirt roads
>come to the place, across big cattle field see the glowing "house"
>we stop on road, uncle comes back to our car
>tells dad we need to get back to house
>it's square, and glowing reddish, orange and white, like embers do when you blow on them
>but there are no flames. it was dark, we would have seen the yellow flames, but it was just a square glowing block
>get back to house, uncle tells mom and dad that it's just a cattle pasture. there is no house there.

[116]

>another, this time about 10 or 11
>coming home late, don't recall from where
>but dark, start to run for apartment, it's upstairs
>older brother pushes me, cause he's a jerk
>he runs past, and runs up stairs, opens apt. door
>he yells and runs back out and downstairs
>scared and pale, tells mom there were two green eyes in
apartment, just floating there
>dad comes up, pushes open door then turns on light
>checks around and tells us to come in
>nothing found

[117]

This happened when I was younger actually and it scared the crap out of me.

I converted our garage into my bedroom, I remember one night I was sleeping soundly was going into deep sleep. In the middle of the night, I woke up but was under sleep paralysis and couldn't move. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw my self standing there right next to me. And I swear that it spoke to me saying "Help me". To this day I don't know that is suppose to mean.

[118]

Lived in a flat as a child about 6 to 9 my bedroom I slept in was faceing the back of a wooded area For all the years I lived and slept in that room I had the same dream 2 or 3 times a week first there would be faces whispering to me inaudable volume increasing untill the faces where filled with anger and screaming loudly at me untill it woke me up where I would dart out my room

and sleep in the living room never had the dream since leaving the room and flat. Anyone ever had anything similar or can explain what or why it happened?

[119]

When I was very young, I think I was about 5 and I was still in kindergarten, I dreamed that I was raped. Not me, the little kid, but me as a woman, though I know I was somewhat conscious of myself as I actually was, outside of the dream. I hope that makes sense. I remember it very well even now, it was so upsetting at the time because I was 5 and I just didn't have the vocabulary to express what happened. I remember the choking sensation of fear and a grip on my wrists, and I remember he used a knife to cut my clothes, which were denim capris and a yellow blouse. I remember this dream better than many others that may be more /x/ related, but this is one thing that scared the hell out of me before I even really understood it.

When I woke up I just lay in the dark too afraid to move for a long time and then I went and woke up my mom, but all I could say was that it was about a bad man with a knife, and apparently I told her it was a Boston knife, whatever that means. I don't think I knew what Boston was. For a long time afterward that fear and the trapped feeling I felt when I couldn't get away stuck with me.

[120]

Story One: (not that creepy)

I would share a room with my sister when we were 7. We would have the same dreams every night until I got my own room when I was 11. We would wake up crying together too when we had nightmares. Ever since I moved out of my room, it stopped.

Story 2:

My sister had a "shadow person" in her room ever since I moved out. She saw it from ages 12-18. It made her an insomniac and depressed for years. The thing was tall (it had to crouch to get in the door way) and crawled on all fours into her room every night if the door was unlocked. It would sit at the end of her bed and watch her sleep all night until the sun rose. It had decaying hands, wore a robe with a hood, and held an unlit candle.

Story 3:

I have a daughter now. She is three. One time, I picked her up from daycare. I was dead tired after work, and I lied on the couch. Like a stretched superman. My arms were hanging off one armrest, and my legs were hanging off the other side. I was falling in and out of sleep, and when I lay like this, my daughter often likes to pat on my hands and slap them. Since I was drifting off to sleep, I just let her play with my hands. Then, I felt something climb up on to my lap. The patting on my hands was still going on while this thing climbed upon me. I was fully awake now, but didn't want to open my eyes for the life of me, terrified to see what "thing" is sitting on top of my stomach. I forced my eyes open. Only to find my daughter sitting on my stomach and giggling. The clapping on my hands immediately stopped. I am was petrified.

[121]

Not so much creepy as it is odd, and I've never forgot:

When I was young, around 4/5 years old, I had dreams I was on a running on a beach. Now when I say "running on a beach" what this entails is, everything has a dull grey atmosphere to it, sky is grey and I'm hearing explosions and bullets fly by me. As I'm running, there are these large steal star looking obstacles scattered throughout the beach. Explosions of sand around me. I'm in a tan uniform charging with a group of men.

I had this dream repeatedly for awhile as a kid. It stopped at 6ish. I always remembered it and a few years down the line 5/6th grade, we learn about WWI and WWII. The images in my head from those dreams mimic scenes from troops storming Normandy. Like, almost exactly.

This is hokey as hell sounding

I'm in no way superstitious

I'm not religious

Idk if I even believe in an after life

But when I later realized all this later, coincidentally I heard of the idea of people, kids too, having memories that weren't theirs. Memories that kids can point out and name ppl they've never met.

Idk if I really believe this is the case

It's probably nothing

But it's always stuck with me

[122]

Not so much scary as weird. When I was around 5 or 6 I lived in a fairly old house. 3 stories and about 4500 square feet. Had a mother believe very much in metaphysical things and spirituality. Had crystals of various types, Burned sage nightly...etc.

Remember very well a ghost being there. He was a man, in his 40's or so. He was tall and thin, but very kind.

I remember his name was Attison. For some odd reason, my mom had no recollection of him, she only had very... bad experiences. Spirits would harass her, or leave her feeling sick.

I remember one thing very vividly: It was a dream where I was floating near the ceiling of the living room with Attison. My mother was there, doing her weirdness. Then I saw dark beings begin to enter the room and my mom started to shake. I watched Attison beat them away as best he could. He did his best, but he never stopped everything.

Woke up bawling worried about her, ran downstairs and there she was in the living room. Sitting back on the couch and looking sickly. I could feel Attison there, and I was unbelievably greatful. I told her about what happened, and she stopped doing that entirely understanding that she had been saved from something worse.

ALSO: I remember mentioning the ghost to my mom and his name, she told a neighbor and he knew about Attison. It sticks with me to this day.

[123]

when I was nine, my father died in a vehicle accident. when he was alive, he would always be in the corner of the basement playing on the computer. A couple days after he died, I walked into the livingroom(adjacent to the basement) and I saw him on the computer. I froze and he turned around then vanished.

to this day, I think he was just saying goodbye..... or it was a recurrent memory or image.

[124]

So I was being tested for Narcolepsy in a hospital. They hook up your head, arms and legs to monitor what happens when you sleep. So I had to sleep over during the night, and the room was in was incredibly dark. I had a dream that there was a figure sitting on my bed. I got scared and tried to threaten it (because I am dumb), but it got closer and I could see it was a girl around 13 or 14. She had sandy hair in two braids and a light beige nightgown with pants. She said her name was Natalie and that she had Narcolepsy and wanted to see if I did too. I wasn't scared

anymore and we sat and talked, we also watched the tv in my room during the day. The dream felt like it lasted 24 hours, so when I woke up to a dark room my first thought was "Where's Natalie?" I didn't dream about her after that.

The oddest thing is that I was myself in the dream, this is extremely rare for me, I'm always other people. I told my mom about it and she laughed because "Narcoleptic Natalie" sounded funny.

Eventually we get a call back from the doctor and I've been diagnosed with Narcolepsy. :)

[125]

I may not have been a child, but I think it's close enough and it's my only supernatural-ish experience. I was 15, and my close friend died. Only, within the first week after he died me and my group of friends who were all close to him all had the EXACT same dream. At first we thought that all of us having a dream about us being with him and him basically saying goodbye wasn't that weird. But then we compared notes; they all happened in the same place, the same people were there, the same clothes were being worn, the same words at the same time, and the exact same seating arrangements/positions. Not creepy (actually really nice) but thought I would share.

Also found a poem I wrote when I was 14 about him dying. Didn't think much of it, it described my exact emotions about the situation and the viewing to a t. Then I remembered; he died when I was 15. Dead serious.

[126]

When I was growing up, around the ages of five to seven, I had

very little supervision because my mother had cancer. She would be in bed for long periods of time, and my father would either be at work, cooking dinner, or taking care of my brother, who was older than I was and pitched a fit every time he felt that he was being ignored. As a result, I had a lot of time to myself to read, watch not-for-children-television shows, and just wander around outside.

One day, I was moseying around in the garden. My mother had been taken to the hospital, and I was feeling generally bad. I laid down on the grass and stared into the distance. Somebody walked up to me -- she was a girl, and at the time, I thought that she must have been around twenty years old. She looked like the older sister I never had; she wore black pants and had scraggly hair, and I was rather envious of her because she looked like she had everything figured out.

I stood up and she slapped me, somewhat lightly. Because of a genetic mutation that I have, I get cuts easily, and my cuts take 3-4 times longer for me to heal. Her nails scraped my cheek a bit. Then she told me that everything would get better. She disappeared. Just vanished.

I still have a small facial scar from that day, but that's not what scares me about this experience. Years later, when I was a sophomore in high school, I passed out one day, just out of the blue. While I was out, I dreamt that I was watching a small girl laying on the grass. I walked over to her, slapped her a bit harder than I intended to, and told her that things would get better. I guess they really did get better.

[127]

when I was younger probably around nine or tenish, I'd stayed with my siblings over at my god parents house whom lived out in the country.. twasnt the worst experience I'd ever had though was

wierd due to the couple things that happend whilst I had been staying there.. the second night I'd been sleeping there I had a dream about meeting this girl on the edge of the woods, she was about my age, pretty cute from what I can remember, but wasnt exactly dressed in the finest clothes.. suddenly I heard a call from the woods and shed said shed better get home before her father got mad.. and left. wasnt too wierd, but the next day or maybe even the day after that.. we were out driving their quads around when I had noticed a girl across the lake by the edge of the woods...

looked just like the one from my dream...

so I rolled over there like a boss and talked to her for a moment and like held a conversation with her, then I noticed my quad was sliding down the embankment on the edge of the lake due to the morning dew.. I tryed my best but the he had slid right into the lake when I had looked up though in the midst of the struggle shed left just dissapeared..

I tryed to explain it to my brother and god father as they were pulling the quad out of the water but my god father only said that nobody could possibly live back in those woods because it was their property back there.. soo wtf? lol

[128]

Once when I was young, like really young-I'd say maybe 7 or 8 years old. I was staying with my little sister at my grandparents house. We lived out near Grant County in KY, far from walmart or the school.

I remember my sister sleeping on the love seat and I was sleeping on the couch. The couch was positioned so it was right up against the window, which I remember having white curtains.

The house she lived in was really tiny, so where her bedroom door was was actually only like 8 feet away. She left it open at night so she could check on us if something happened.

Anyways, I remember waking up, and seeing a figure that looked a lot like ET standing just behind her door. It looked so real, but it was really dark so I wasn't sure if I was actually seeing it. And so I turned over really quick and pulled the covers up over my head, but left enough room for me to view the tiniest bit of the curtains over her window.

After a couple minutes a bright white light flashed outside and I remembering wtfing hard. I didn't remember falling asleep after that but I do remember waking up the next day and telling my sister, my grandma, my grandpa. No one believed me, except my sister who has claimed she's seen other things in the house. Yet I don't remember what those things were.

To this day, my family members make fun of my ET experience. To me it's not really funny because it scared the ever living crap outta me.

[129]

Glad to see this thread is still alive! I've contributed my good stories already, so here's a lame one: a few year's ago, I was in my uncle's house. Was my grandmother's house before she died. It was just before Christmas and we were having a family get-together. I looked over to the staircase just outside the room we were in and saw my dead grandmother. She was wearing a white nightgown, like the one she wore in life. She smiled at me and vanished. I didn't tell anyone for months. I think she was happy to see her family enjoying the holidays in her house, but man, I was still freaked out.

[130]

I don't usually post in these and my story is pretty lame, but...

I was about 16 and stayed at a friends house with a few other friends. She always talked about hearing weird noises but she was weird so everyone sort of figured she was just nuts.

Anyway, we all fell asleep at about 1 am all around her living room floor. The house was fairly silent, which is important because if it wasn't, I would have just brushed what happened off as nothing.

About 4 in the morning, I woke up because of a really loud crash from upstairs. Being half exhausted, I told my friend that her cat had knocked a book or something down. She then told me that the cat was in its carrier, sleeping, since they put it in at night to keep it from crating chaos in the house.

As we all sat around doing our tired "WTF" faces, we heard three or four more loud bangs. My friend yelled "Stomp your feet all you want, we're still going to sleep until noon." being that she lived there and was fairly used to the noises at that point. We didn't hear another noise the rest of the time we were there.

The house is now a teen center for one of the churches in town.

[131]

I got a short one.

I went back to my home country and ended up staying in my mom's family's house. The house has been known for being haunted and it doesn't help that my gramma is known to attract

spirits somehow.

Anyway, while I was there, my great gramma had just passed away. We attended the funeral like customary and mourned and everything. That night though, I slept with gramma because I was still shoooken up (it being the first funeral I'd attended) and in the middle of the night, me and gramma woke up to the sound of my great granmas slippers against the wooden floor. Being too tired, we looked at her and told her to go back to bed, and she just nodded and left the room.

When we woke up the next morning we recalled it and went on to have the biggest chills and freak outs of our lives.

[132]

I've never really been one to have experiences and the lark, but there's one thing that stands out in my mind from what I can remember. I was about nine, and for some reason I decided to sleep in the spare room on something of a whim.

The front room looks across the landing hall, directly opposite the bathroom; of which I demanded the light to be left on. Doing this left the area outside the spare room still relatively dark; so it wouldn't trouble my sleeping.

Anyways, before I ramble too much about my house, I remember waking up and seeing this creature thing sitting just outside my door. It was canine, and I swear to god I could hear it panting as it just sat there looking at me. At the time, I had a golden retriever and a black lab, and this was nothing like either of them. I didn't look at it much, maybe a couple of seconds before I dipped back under the covers a nope'd hard before finally falling asleep.

But, from what I can remember of it (which is oddly quite well,

despite how long ago it is and how I could barely make it out in the darkness) it was definitely canine, but it looked furless and ragged; like, a bony, starved thing roughly the size of my retriever (which was a bit bigger than the labrador, and was a mass of fur).

Once I woke up, there was nothing there, as expected; and upon telling my parents, they simply brushed it off as a bad dream.

[133]

When I was a kid I used to be able to tell what things would happen in the future. Not like who would win the lottery or the next president, but little things. When I was 9 my mom got a call and went into the garage and this feeling just overcame me, and the only way I could describe it was that I just felt my grandmother was hurt. So she came back in and said 'Anon, something's happened.' 'Mom whats wrong with grandma' '... Who told you that, anon, how did you know' 'I dont know' and she ended up yelling at me asking how I knew. I'd also be able to tell my friends things like 'if you go downstairs there'll be one spoon sitting on the corner of your table' and it'd be there, or that the letter of the book nearest them started with 'U'. I usually did this over the phone. After a while I would just grow exhausted and it'd fade off and I couldn't do it until a little while later.

I also went into the forest near our apartment and chased things that weren't there. I just felt something calling me into the forest to join them. I remember crawling through thick thorny bushes just to sit in one tiny little spot in the woods because it just felt right.

I tend to chalk it up that I was delusional and had problems wrong with me as a kid. I try to push back those feelings I get now, telling myself I'm probably schizo or something. Who knows.

I can't tell things like 'the book nearest you starts with a U' anymore, but I do get feelings when bad things happen.

[134]

>be about 10
>staying at cousin's house, neighbor next door has wheat farm
>harvesting season
>the farmer was cutting the wheat at night (has something to do with humidity not sure)
>every night for about 3 nights I watched him from the window
 >3rd night, as he was making a pass by closest to the widow, he stops the tractor, and stares right at me (no way he could have seen me, was completely dark inside the house, only light outside was inside of the tractor, so the only visible thing was the farmer)
 >NOPE straight into bed, covers over head, and fall asleep after being freaked out for a while.

[135]

When my brother was a baby and my mom had lived in a small apartment, they had those open round air vents. My mom would walk in the room and place my brother on the bed. She eventually noticed he would always point and laugh at the air vents as if he was talking to someone. Once she noticed she heard her cousins in the attics and thought they were partying (keep in mind this was in Paterson so people would have large attics and have parties in them). She went up in the attic to get everyone out because she soon got annoyed hearing them laugh. When she went to check there was nobody in the attic. She went back down to my brother and he had stopped laughing and had a very mad look on his face.. Never found out who he was "talking" to.

[136]

I have a son who just turned three. We moved into our last place a year ago, one of like 6 new townhouses built in a row that we rented. At our old apartment, my son had just started sleeping great and through the night. When we moved to the new place, he woke up, every morning, screaming bloody murder. Every morning. This continued almost the entire year until we bought him a "big boy bed," at which point it stopped for the most part because he could get up and open the door and leave the room in the morning to get us. Every so often he would still wake up and scream.

My son is very smart for a little kid, I haven't been around kids at all before him but he seems like a genius at times, so I take what he says with some consideration, as well as with a grain of salt. He told me of his buddy (a "monster") that sleeps with him at night. He would show me on his bed where his buddy would lay down. I briefly left for the military (had to go come home from basic training, so my career ended really fast) and my wife told me there are times where he would wake up screaming bloody murder in the middle of the night (a few times before I left as well) and our son would have his eyes locked in the top dark corner of his room, and wouldn't stop screaming for a while, and wouldn't take his eyes off it.

Also, to give some clarification to why the "monster" was weird, my mom had decided to read him a monster under the bed story when he was in his early 2's. The monster in the book ended up being a cat named fluffy. He used to talk about being afraid of monsters under his bed, but I talked to him and found out it was fluffy from the book. so whatever. However, later when he started talking about his "buddy" he was adamant it wasn't fluffy. The "man" would disappear and go out to the street during the day or if someone came in his room.

[137]

We just moved out of this place and are staying with my father while we look for a house (where I had a lot of weird things happen, maybe "paranormal" but that'll be a different post) and everything with the monster stopped. He actually told my mother out of the blue when he was at her house that the monster went away when we moved, that he left him at the old house. Nothing weird has come out of his mouth since. I consider myself somewhat of a skeptic, so I don't immediately like to scream IT'S GHOSTS, but I have had enough weird things happen to me, and now my son, as well as my father, where either we are all delirious, or we attract something.

[138]

- >be 11 years old
- >have flu at the time, pretty ill and out of it
- >one night I keep having pretty vivid dreams
- >flying through space, stuff like that
- >suddenly, wake up, sit up in my bed, certain I'm awake
- >see some kind of creature in the middle of my room, kind of a gollum-like thing
- >strangely seemed like electricity was coming off it
- >not even scared at the time, just fascinated
- >go back to sleep
- >still wonder what that was because it felt so real

[139]

I was tiny, and my brother hadn't even started speaking yet. We shared a bedroom. He slept in a crib and I slept in a bed.

One night our parents were fighting and screaming at each other. My brother was crying, and like the golden older sibling I am, I was trying to get him to be quiet. I'm claustrophobic, so I always keep bedroom doors open when I sleep.... but that night I had to close it if there would be any chance of getting my brother to shutup.

Just as I'm about to get out of bed, the door closes quietly on its own, my brother stops crying, and I feel the blankets pulled up to my chin. My parents were still outside fighting. No other adults lived with us at the time

We still live in that same house. It's cool to think some kind of being is looking out for me.

[140]

To touch on my own childhood experiences, (posted this before in an older thread) I once was sitting at home while everyone was at work, on my couch. Clear as day a woman's voice says loudly "Laci" (pronounced Lot-see, Hungarian nickname for my Laszlo) I bolted out of there and wouldn't return to the house until my dad came home from work.

Someone else posted a story in the thread, cant be assed to find it and reference it, about seeing small bunny like apparitions in rooms. It shocked me because as a child I would normally sit up in my bed all night staring out my doorway, and little flashes and balls of light would dark around. I described them to my wife as ghost hamsters. Silly, but saw them a lot.

[141]

I always had the fear of monsters and ghosts and stuff, and I'm not religious, but I had this weird Jesus-picture-in-a-brass-scroll nightlight thing above my head, and it felt both disturbing and "watchful/securing" at the same time. My window supposedly wasn't sealed right, and my parents told me it was a breeze blowing on my face, which always felt like something breathing on me. My parents (mostly my mom, my dad is very much in tuned to paranormal, enough has happened to him where he even believes those talk show fakes that "talk" to spirits) always blew it off as the breeze, but being older I notice my mom seems to try to explain away things that she's actually afraid of.

[142]

My dad had a sister who died before he was born as a child. Once he was in the car with his parents and drove past a storefront, and saw a little girl matching his dead sister's description in a coffin. He didn't know of her at that point, if I recall

He also went with his older sister and a group of her friends (she was a teen at the time, he was probably more like 10-11 or something, if I asked he could tell you the relative humidity of the room so I'm not going to ask him for details right now, the thread will 404 before he stops talking) to this house that had been abandoned, I think it had burned down. He went into this room and had gotten locked in somehow, the older kids couldn't open the door. he went to go on the balcony, and then a voice stopped him. As soon as he moved away it crumbled and fell to the ground (it was the second floor). I messed part of this story up, as it was either the floor or a balcony or something, but as I said before, I'm not going to ask my dad to tell it to me again, but the gist was he was in this screwed up house, almost died, some voice stopped

him.

[143]

Last rant for now (I rarely tell these stories so I have a lot) I won't share what happens in my dreams, or seemingly dreams, because I often have sleep paralysis and that explains most of it. I did attack my wife last week after I dreamed that some being was standing at our bed, and when I reached out to grab it I woke up and had my wife's shirt gripped in my hands and it was tearing, I was grabbing it hard enough my hands hurt from the elastic part.

My mom who I explained tends to explain away things that scare the crap out of her, confided to us that she thinks whatever was at the townhouse I told about earlier regarding my son, has now come to her house. Her and her girlfriend(she's gay you can lol if that's your thing) have heard voices whispering at night, to the point they have both gotten up to investigate (her girlfriend is a no nonsense butch kinda woman, so for her to admit it was weird intrigues me) and they would hear knocking at the doors and would investigate, but nothing would be there (this never happened before, no trees by the doors to be hitting. this has been happening more than once apparently. As I said any time I tell a weird story from my childhood, I feel like she gets uncomfortable, because she always acted like I was stupid as a kid when I was scared, but it seems like she maybe secretly believed and/or experienced things and wanted to ignore it.

Sadly, I've never had a ghostly experience, I did some urban exploration when I was 9 with my friends in the woods in his back yard though. (Michigan) There were some hunting sheds and such, but one time we went WAY (We were gone for 7 hours for an estimate) out there and found the end of the forest and saw another one starting just ahead. We walked up there and there was a yellow house with concrete steps leading up to a spray painted door. There were no windows or openings just a roof and

4 pale yellow walls. Then we thought we heard something moving and got right the hell out of there.

The only other thing I can think of is sort of astral projection... but not really. Ever since I was 5 or 6 I have been able to see anything I can remember from any point of view. Like, If I'm at a new place I can see it from like 20 different frontal views, then after a while, I can see it from all points in a half sphere view. (not from underground) But yeah, not much more then that.... OH ok, one more. At my grandparents house they also have a woods in their back yard (michigan) and There is a really old blue car in a ditch and what look like 4 bullet holes in the cushion on the drivers seat. Freakin weird because who knows what that's about.

[144]

>be about 7, brother is 4
>brother gets a bad fever for a few days, has weird hallucinations
>one night I hear him coughing hard in his room, so I go in to ask if he is okay
>he sits up in bed, stares right at me and says in a calm, monotone voice "one.... two.... three.... four...."
>"MOMMMMM!"
>My parents run in and deal with him, I go back to sleep. Scared the crap out of me, still haunts me to this day. He has no memory of it.

[145]

My brother (now 14) has had his fair share of disturbing events.

When he was 6 my family was driving by a field on the way to my grandmother's I think, anyway we were driving past the field and my brother looked out the window and turned to me and asked

who that was in the field?

I looked and the field was empty. I told him this and he became very angry at began shouting at my father, mother and I saying that there are big men in the field just standing. Again, no one was there. We eventually passed the field and he calmed down.

Another time my brother (now 10) had traveled to a church camp for a week and he called me (my brother and I are closer then he is to my parents.) and told me every night he had seen weird creatures swinging from the bunk beds where everyone slept. The camp councilor also called my parents the second to last day of the camp and told them that he had found my brother under the sink screaming at what he called "demons."

Final one, ever since he was a child my brother told me that his ears would speak to him and tell him when he or someone close was about to get hurt. We went exploring in the woods once and he grabbed me and told me not to take a step forward. I asked why and he told me his ears said so. I poked around with a stick and about a foot ahead of me was a hugehole covered by leaves. (Not like a trap, just a big hole.)

[146]

>son is 2-2 1/2
>come out of my roon around 2-3 am
>he's standing in the long, darl hallway staring off into the game room
>call his name
>no movement or response
>finally turns his head towards me and just looks at me
>just walks back into his room
He's done that twice. It could be sleep walking, but he's only done it twice, so I dunno.

Another:

>looking for his cup late at night
>he just stands by the table in the dining area
>starts talking about dying in a fire
>find his cup, pick him up to go upstairs
>he starts saying "let me die now"
>I want to die
>I died in fire

Dunno where that came from either. No other incident has occurred for about 6 months. Thank goodness, crap is scary.

[147]

>Be me a month ago
>Chilling with 2 month old niece, while bro and his GF are at the store
>Alone in their new house, watching baby be cute and stuff
>Notice she's staring at something moving above my head, following it with her eyes, clearly focused in on whatever it is
>Look above my head, obviously nothings there besides the back of a couch and a wall
>Look back down, shes staring down the hallway smiling
>Sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach as a look down the hall
>Swear on whatever god you believe in that I saw a hand with elongated fingers slide behind the door
>Jump up, baby in arms obviously
>"Who's there? You tryna die boy?" (southerner here)
>Stand there looking down hallway
>Niece is giggling looking down hallway
>Backing away from couch/entrance to hallway
>"I got a gun (lie) lil man, don't do anything that'll get you killed"
>Hear rustling in back room
>Just as I'm about to walk out the front door brother and gf walk in

>Say "Someone's in the house" and hand her the baby
>Me and brother basically sprint down the hallway and kick open the door at the end of their hallway
>Clothes and random stuff thrown EVERYWHERE
>Nothing stolen whatsoever, thousand dollar laptop untouched on bed
>Room was clean not an hour before when I got to their house
>Screw all that, hate being with the baby alone now

And that's the first time anything unexplained has scared the living crap out of me.

[148]

This weekend just gone, my husband and I were looking after his cousin's little girl while her parents were away for a wedding.

She's four, and she has this imaginary friend named "Petey" that lives in her house and sleeps in her closet. According to her mom, she's been talking to him since she was two.

>Be sketching on couch
>She climbs up next to me and asks me if I can draw Petey, so she can give it to him as a present when she gets home
>"But I don't know what Petey looks like!"
>She describes him to me, I draw him while she watches and tells me if I do something wrong
>"He has messy black hair like yours! But shorter!"
>Okay
>"And he always wears this yellow shirt with a big smiley on it!"
>Cool
>"And his face is all red and purple and blotchy!"
>O...kay... Petey has one of those weird port-wine stain birthmarks or something
>"And he wears a big thick rope as a tie!"
>What

>Draw a rope as an actual tie, hanging down low on his neck
>"No! It's up higher! Here." Draws a circle around the middle of her neck
>Erase previous attempt and just lightly draw it around his neck like a noose, thinking "this is really bad if this isn't what she means I'm tainting the mind of a four-year-old"
>But she says "Yes! Like that!"
>After she goes to bed burn the thing. She forgets to ask for it when she goes home.

If this were a horror movie, Petey would have been a ghost who hung himself in her closet.

[149]

>My parents look after 2 nieces back in the mid 80s (nieces are 5 and 6)
>Parents stay in small bedroom and let the nieces have the large bedroom
>Small bedroom has no door on it
>About 11pm parents go to bed
>Nieces have already been in bed for some hours
>Parents talking
>Suddenly hear nieces talking and giggling
>Dad tells my mother to go and tell them to go to sleep because it's late
>Mother gets to bedroom door and listens
>Can hear them both still talking and giggling
>Out of nowhere a woman's voice starts talking to them
>Mother freaks out and barges into the room
>Both nieces completely sound asleep
>6 year old constantly mentions an old woman she talks to in her room
>Auntie and uncle move out and manage to move into an even spookier place

[150]

Here is one my mom told me.

>mom and sister (2 or 3yo) staying at mom's aunts house
>sister is sleeping, mom reading
>sister still asleep sits perfectly upright
>says "Who's that lady in the corner?"
>my mom sees no one, but just then the horizontal blinds lift up
and fold in half
>sister lays back down again
>mom NOPEs

[151]

>Have a 4 year old brother
>Complains an old lady stares and smiles at him during the night.
>One of his friends (same age) also complained about the
'bloodman' staring at him while he slept (When he stayed round
once)

Probably just their imagination but man...

[152]

>be 18
>babysitting for older sister
>kid was already 6 months old and looked like a toddler
>fatbaby.png
>putting the kid to sleep but he won't

>already 2 AM and kid won't calm down
>rocking him to sleep
>he lifts his arm and points to the hallway to the right of me
>kid is getting upset
our rocking chair is perpendicular to the hallway so when you turn
your head you can see down the hallway.
>I look where he pointed
>watching the hallway still trying to rock him to sleep
>mfw a shadow zipped across the hallway from one room to my
bedroom and slammed the door
>sleep in the living room with nephew
>burn sage in the morning

[153]

My son just turned 5 and says Jesus Ghost has visited him 3 times at daycare during naptime. It has told him to kill himself to come live with him, and that no one loves him except Jesus, and that mommy will make a new baby if my son dies. He said he has a beard, mustache and wears a dark blue dress (robe) and whispers in his ear.

I asked him if the ghost scares him and he said no he's nice but everyone else is mean and hates him. My son usually is very loving and told me that he wants me to die. This has just happened over the last 2 weeks. Also, we don't attend church so he's not getting any of this from church. What can I do???

[154]

> sitting on couch with 2 year old brother watching tv
> tv's to our right, straight across is a rail that blocks the side of the staircase to the basement

> brother keeps asking who some girl is while watching show
> "What girl?"
> he points to the stairs and says "Is that ghost girl?"
> WHAT
> look at edge of rail just in time to see the top of black hair move downstairs
> my room is downstairs...

[155]

> Have a newborn baby, does the crying thing often.
> Be learning the difference between 'attention' crying and 'needy' crying.
> Get baby down for a nap in the nursery, husband napping in the bedroom before work.
> Hop in the shower during my brief 'me' time.
> Baby crying not long after. It's only attention crying, it'll blow over.
> Crying continues for about three minutes. Tiring. Turn off shower and get a towel.
> Step out of the bathroom. Instantly the crying stops, and I hear Husband comforting her.
> Okay, no problems.png
> Finish drying off and get dressed because the problem is taken care of.
> Go to the nursery to help out.
> Talking stops the instant I touch the doorknob.
> Open door. Baby alone in her crib with not a soul to be found.

Husband hadn't even woken up because he was so tired.

[156]

>my 5 year old cousin is going to the bathroom and her mother is in the bath
>says she saw a face in the window
>the way the curtain hangs it couldn't be a reflection
>everybody goes to bed
>morning before work
>aunt says that last night they were saying their bedtime prayer
>they ask the angels to watch over them
>"Maybe that's what I see, mommy"
>"What?"
>"Angels."
>"What do the angels look like?"
>"They just look like regular people"
>"What are they doing when you see them?"
>"Nothing, just looking at me."
>this house is known to be haunted
>the attic light turns on by itself even though its entrance is in a room that is seldom occupied by anyone being that that bedroom has no suitor
>the neighbors tell us when it happens

[157]

I actually vaguely remember this house, but not anything else in the story.

>toddler age
>mom is looking for a house
>we were poor back then, single parent
>she brings us to this one house
>we go into the garage
>I immediately start talking to something
>"Who are you talking to sweetie?"
>the man in the corner mommy
>no one there
>we leave

>mom tells me years later a man committed suicide in the garage of that house

[158]

> have little 2 year old cousin
> parents decided to put his bed in the upstairs living room
> my dad, my stepmom, and I hear him talking to someone at night
> finally my dad asks him about it
> tells my dad (in two year old speak) that he talks to the old man that lives up there
> says he has a name (can't remember what it was) and that he's nice
> creeped me right out

[159]

>Move into new house, renting
>Little brother sometimes mentions the old lady in his room
>"That's a weird imaginary friend."
>Find out about a year later that there were three old ladies living in the house before my family moved in
>One of them died in my little brother's room

[160]

>be 18 once
>be Y camp counselor, get assigned group of snotty six year olds.
>make special friends with quiet girl, who hardly speaks, never

causes trouble, seems a loner.

>whole camp takes kids to Fort Mifflin in DE (civil war fort).
>never been there before, know nothing about it
>sit with girl on bus, she's acting normal, she asks where we're going, I tell her, she has no idea what I'm talking about.
>tour guides take kids in small groups to various parts of the fort
>our group's turn to tour the casemates--cool old bunkers beneath the fort.
>we head down the sorta claustrophobic stairs
>girl squeezing my hand, little nails in my palm
>get to Casemate 11, always quiet girls goes NUCLEAR, seizure-like fit, screaming "THERE'S A DEAD MAN HERE. THERE'S A DEAD MAN HERE. HE'S LOOKING AT ME!"
>leave rest of my group with my assistant, take girl topside.
>she eventually calms down.
>won't answer any questions about it, asks to go sit on bus, never speaks about it again.
>much later learn a Union Army deserter was kept in solitary down there for a while before he was hung onsite.
>years later 2spooky TV shows start visiting that specific casemate for their ghost hunts.
>mfw ghosts are real

[161]

>be about 6
>playing at a park with my grandma a ways away watching me
>See girl across from a bridge about the same age as me
>kind of chubby, arms crossed, looked downright pissed at me
>say to grandma that I want to leave, because she scared me and I was shy
>she says OK and we drive away

A couple years later, my grandma told me that there was no girl there, and my dad thought it was kind of creepy when she told him.

[162]

>Used to live in a really old house
>2 floors
>hear something like footsteps upstairs sometimes
>creaking floorboards
>we just chuck it up to it being an old house and our cat to
preserve our sanity
>little sister born
>cries every night when in bed
>she's a baby so it's normal
>doesn't stop even when she grows older
>learns how to speak
>still cry whenever she has to sleep
>my mom asks her why
>she tells us she's afraid of the man with red eyes walking around
upstairs

That house was really scary. Even as a teenager I was scared to
sleep if no one else was in the house. 10 years later and she can
still remember the guy she saw.

[163]

>Be baby sitting (then) girlfriend's younger brother
>Go through nightly routine before bed
>Take him into bed and he starts squirming in arms and crying
>"No, the buggies will get me! The buggies!"
>"Who are the buggies?"
>Just keeps crying
>Finally get him to sleep after 30 minutes of freaking out and
tears

>Tell parents about it
>"Yeah he does that every night recently"

Fast forward a few weeks and I'm baby sitting again.

>Try to put kid in bed again
>More screaming
>"What are the buggies?"
>Screaming
>Try a different tactic
>"Where do they come from?"
>kid grabs my hand and leads me to the stairs to the basement
>slightnope.7z
>decide to do the adult thing and show him there's nothing to be scared of
>go into basement, and let him show me where we should look
>points to a closet
>morenope.png
>go to closet and open it
>kid starts crying and saying they'll take me
>icy_grip_of_fear.exe

Nothing happened though, just took him back up stairs to bed and told him there was nothing to be afraid of. Of course I was freaking out. Still in touch with the family, no more buggies after they moved.

[164]

>be moving into new house in 2003
>old house, used to belong to an army vet who fought in Korea
>died by having a heart attack (according to neighbor)
>move in and house felt really nice honestly, like it seemed like the perfect chill place
>was huge and had these secret rooms in 2 closets
>little brother got one room with it, and I got the other

>Find a big coin in the little closet room, like it wasnt money, but it was really big and it had a little eagle on it, felt like it was handmade
>few days pass, get a good feeling of the house
>parents leave to fill up on groceries and stuff we need around the house
>left alone with my little brother
>tell little brother to play with his toys, he had a ton of lego pieces and bionicles
>he goes to his closet to his room and play
>he always makes his little sound effects, but out of nowhere he stops
>he starts giggling and laughs and I can hear him running around
>hear what sounds like more footsteps running around
>start feeling uneasy
>I go to his room and he stops playing I swear to immunity cat that I saw the closet door slowly closing
>Try to reassure myself, but I have the feeling in the back of my mind that maybe it was the spooks
>ask little bro what he was doing
>"I'm playing with Jeff, he was a soldier."
>realize that some of his little green soldiers are on the floor. like those small ones, the kind everyone has had as a kid
>"Well pick Jeff up, let's go watch tv."
>"why would I pick Jeff up? He can walk himself, I'll just get him out of the closet room"
>mfw
>go outside and play some soccer avoiding any eye contact with the windows on the house

Screw this house, no one but my little brother ever saw "Jeff", but we would hear footsteps and sometimes voices whenever someone was showering. The guy who lived here wasn't named Jeff, so I don't know who it could be.

>Be 5 days ago
>at park with nephew
>dark
>nephew asks me to come under the slide
>I can't fit
>"Monster, anon won't go under the slide with me!"
>tug on pantleg
>NOPE.pants
>he dropped his spongebob figure while we were running
>it's next to my bed the next day.
>nope.heartattack

[166]

When I lived in my old town, my nephew used to tell me about a man who was following me. I didn't think anything really of it, I just thought it was a kids' game. That is until my nephew started slamming the door behind me when I'd visit.

He told me that the bad man with no eyes was getting closer and closer to me each time I went outside.

I was a little scared by that, a chill or two up the spine, but just a kid's crazy mind right?

So I started to look this guy up, but nothing came up in any search I did.

But my nephew was really scared, to the point he started to wet the bed on the nights I'd visit.

So I started to get more clues from my nephew without really asking too deeply.

A tall man with a old coat on, no eyes, reaching out and walking

slowly swaying his arm back and forth like he was trying to grab something.

I stayed over to babysit my nephew one night while my brother was working nightshift (he was a security guard) so I slept in my nephew's room on the floor to keep him company. I woke up in the middle of the night to the sound of something fleshy rubbing on the glass.

I'll never forget that shadow on the wall from the window, it was solid, but then it would fade in and out, like someone was trying to shine light through a dark vase or something.

The shape was clearly human, but large, too big.

My nephew woke up at this point and screamed the man was here.

Now I was losing it, so I grabbed my nephew and we went to the other end of the house and called my brother. I kept peeking out the windows of the house and I could not really see anything... but sometimes I'd see the shadows were longer or darker in places where it was lit by the street lights just before.

My brother came home an hour later and asked me why I was outside, shouted at me for not being inside looking after my nephew.

I'd not left the house even for a second...

I moved away soon after that, nothing happened again. A year has passed since then. But when my nephew and brother came to visit last month, my nephew told me that he'd seen the man with no eyes slowly walking up the highway reaching out, but this time with both hands.

No idea what to do or think.

[167]

My two year old learned the phrase "there's somebody scary" from a kids show that was trying to teach kids not to be afraid of the dark. Now when you're getting her ready for bed she'll stare out into the dark hall and quietly whisper "there's somebody scary". It's straight out of a horror movie.

[168]

Taught my cousin's kid the "There was an old lady who swallowed a fly" song, and every verse she would only chime in for the "Perhaps she'll die" line. Girl has a monotone voice and she now just busts that one line out randomly while doing something mundane like coloring.

[169]